

VOLTAIRE: BIBLIOGRAPHY. — Can anyone say what is the *real* first edition of 'La Pucelle'? Brunet, in the Supplement (vol. ii., 1880) to his 'Manuel du Libraire,' has the following note at p. 928, modifying his statement in the earlier work:

"La P . . . d'O . . . [Pucelle d'Orléans] poème divisé en quinze livres. S. l. n. d. in 12. Edition non décrite; elle se compose d'un faux titre et de 161 pp.; le xv<sup>e</sup> chant finit par 3 lignes de points et les mots: *Coetera desunt*. L'édition de Louvain qui jusqu'ici a passé pour la première, a le même contenu, le même nombre de pp., à la fin les mêmes points, et les mêmes Mots: *Coetera desunt*. L'une des deux est la première."

Quite so, but has any later search or bibliographical discovery been able to determine which of these two copies is the first edition of this important work? I have one of these copies and should like to place it.

I should be glad of assistance in identifying, also, the following copy—Brunet does not help:—

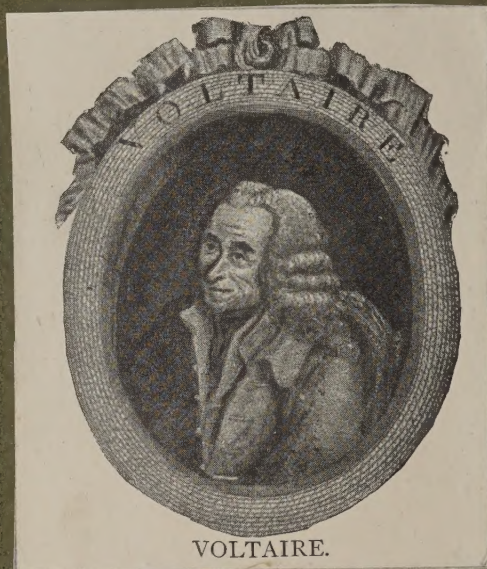
LA PUCELLE D'ORLÉANS, Poème, Suivie du Temple du Gout. § M.DCCLXXV. Préface de Don Apuleius Risorius, Benedictin (6 pp.) 20 (should be 21) finely engraved plates unsigned (? Gravelot) all pages within ornamental borders. Notes following each of the 21 "Chants." The "etc." of the Temple du Gout consist of "Notes," "Lettre à M. De C . . .," "Principales Variantes," "Autres Variantes tirées de l'Édition de 1733" and "Autres variantes tirées de l'Édition de 1745—Tables des Pièces." There is mispagination, p. 401 following 384, 8vo., 420 pp., excluding title page. No half-title. The absence of any place of publication is interesting. Was this a Geneva or a London edition? Collation A-I4, K-T4, VXYZ4, Aa-Cc4, Dd2.

RHODON.



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson, 2 vol. (*one of 500 copies*), original cloth  
sm. 4to. Lutetian Society, 1899

779 VOLTAIRE's (A. de) Le Pucelle, or the  
maid of Orleans, Cantos I. to V., translated  
into English verse, 4to, sewn, *scarce*, 5s  
1785



*vous ignorez pas qu'il parut il y a plusi-  
eurs mois un acriit abominable et non moins  
ridicule, ou l'on ose outrager avec une inso-  
lence punissable la famille Royale du pays  
ou vous résidez. vos très humbles  
et très obéissans serviteurs Voltaire*



Voltaire.



LA PUCELLE THE MAID OF ORLEANS AN  
HEROIC-COMICAL POEM IN TWENTY ONE  
CANTOS BY AROUET DE VOLTAIRE A NEW  
& COMPLETE TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE REVISED CORRECTED & AUGMENTED  
FROM THE EARLIER ENGLISH TRANSLATION  
OF W.H.IRELAND & THE ONE ATTRIBUTED  
TO LADY CHARLEVILLE WITH THE VARIANTS  
NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME TRANSLATED  
BY ERNEST DOWSON IN TWO VOLUMES.  
London printed for The Lutetian  
Society 1899.

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Note:- The alterations from Ireland's  
translation, not differing to any con-  
siderable extent, I have therefore con-  
fined myself to copying the Variants  
only which are not contained in Ire-  
land's work. The asterisks etc. to which  
the Variants refer have been placed  
by me in my copy of Ireland's "The  
Maid of Orleans 1822. G. Hilder Libbis.

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CANTO 2

\* p.38. It is another task to cull the  
rose  
Dear friend may thus our fortune be  
arranged  
So be it ! & the subject may be changed  
Close to the confines etc.

\* p.41. O puissant hero who in time  
of need,  
Doth pass in force the animals you  
feed  
To Joan I know thy passion thou wouldst  
prove  
I too regard her with no lukewarm love  
My heart is hers etc.







\*p.42. Variant omits the three lines  
marked

\* p.52. However love Gaul's Monarch  
may controul

There's still a fund of honour etc.

Note:- The preceding four lines are  
omitted only two being marked with  
the asterisk to omit. G.H.L.

p.71. CANTO 3rd.

\* Great Conde' was oe'come by brave  
Turenne  
And Conquered Crequi, conquered once  
again  
Played double or quits with Eugene,  
with success  
Villars was worsted etc.

\* p.72. By a poor rival quite beneath  
his thought

The vulgar had to astound & deceive  
Here is a certain method by your leave  
A god-like character at once to find,  
And still to pass for humble & resigned  
For instance take that case in Holy writ  
Of cunning Jethro's son-in-law of wit!  
Who once for king & more than king was  
ta'en  
By those good folks who came of Jethro's  
strain,  
Whose scanty wits much faith had ren-  
dered blind;  
He said that God, revealing his behind,  
Had taught him, all His holy law, whereby  
He & his nephew were perpetually  
In sanctioned idleness to be maintained;  
All cases of importance had ordained,  
When lepers, well-bred women- such his  
drift



\*p. 42. Various other fine lines  
marked

\*p. 53. However love Gaul's monarch  
may controul  
There's still a fund of honour etc.  
Note: The preceding four lines are  
omitted only two being marked with  
the asterisk in G.H.M.

p. 71. CALTO and.  
\* Great Calto, was of course by far the  
truest  
And conquered Calto, conquered once  
again  
I loved Calto for quite with Eugene,  
with Eugene  
Villars was worsted etc.

\*p. 78. By a poor rival quite beneath  
his thought

The vulgar had no account & no sense  
Here is a definition method by your leave  
A God-like character all once to find,  
And still to pass for humble & resigned  
For instance take that case in Holy writ  
Of cunning Jethro's son-in-law of wit  
Who once for him & more than him was  
taken  
By those good folks who came of Jethro's  
family,  
Whose society with much faith had ren-  
dered blind;  
He said that God, revealing his behind,  
Had taught him, all his holy law, whereby  
He & his nephew were perpetually  
in mentioned alliance to be maintained;  
All cases of importance had ordained;  
When fathers, well-bred women such his  
son



Must change their dress, put on another  
shift,  
Appear abroad, or in their chambers snore,  
With fancy fire & rockets quite a score,  
And such like squibs & flashes in the sky,  
Done from a rock secluded, rather high,  
Whereof he had by orders most express,  
Forbidden to curious folk the least access,  
The simpletons were driven to declare  
A tempest raged, such noise was in the air.  
The Almighty's hand they all avowed to see  
And trembled for the Prophet's bravery,  
The rascal knew his men & all their ways,  
And kept his mountain for some forty days;  
Then suddenly upon the plain appeared,  
While on his forehead flaming ox-horns

reared,  
The charlatan's expert phenomenon  
Their silly wits with one accord had won.  
He saw that God within a bush concealed,  
To him their chief such lesson had revealed.  
That was enough! Great was their reverence  
And each & all made him their obsequance:  
Thinking that Heaven's vengeance would

ensue,  
If anybody failed in what was due  
To Monsieur Aaron. Thus came to be made  
Statues, whose author, clumsy at his trade  
Deserved a madhouse; which this people crass  
Held to be laws for all men in a mass.

\* p.73. Wide gapes her mouth & crooked  
squints her eyes,  
Coral & the sceptre's place supplies

\* p.76. More than one prelate with devout  
intent  
Sets it beside the Holy Testament  
Before their eyes a cohort fierce they find,  
Using the same for wiping their behind.  
The Ignatian furious, with his soul in flame,  
Rushes to save the sacred wisp from shame.



What change their dress, but on another  
 shift,  
 Appear abroad, on their chambers shore,  
 With every thing & rocks quite a score,  
 And such like apples & flashes in the sky,  
 But from a rock ascending, rather high,  
 Whence he had by orders sent express,  
 Forbidden to anyone folk the least access,  
 The relations were driven to despair  
 A lament, such, such noise was in the air.  
 The Almighty's hand they all vowed to see,  
 And trembled for the Prophet's prophecy,  
 The vessel knew his way & all their ways,  
 And had his mountain for some forty days;  
 Then suddenly upon the plain appeared,  
 While on his forehead flaming ex-heres  
 rested,  
 The charlatan's expert phenomenon  
 Their ally was with one accord had won.  
 He saw that God within a bush concealed,  
 To him their chief such lesson had revealed.  
 And was enough! Great was their reverence  
 And each a girl made his their observation;  
 Thinking that Heaven's vengeance would  
 change,  
 It nobody failed in what was due,  
 To constant Astonishment as to be made  
 Gaps, whose author, always at his trade  
 Possessed a machine; which this people cross  
 Held to be laws for all men in a mass.  
 \* p. 75. Wide gaps her mouth & crooked  
 again's her eyes,  
 Corol & the apple's place supplies  
 \* p. 76. More than one private with devout  
 intent  
 Bate it beside the Holy Testament  
 Before their eyes a school three they find,  
 Using the same for light their behind.  
 The Ignorant nations, with his soul in flame,  
 Trained to save the sacred ship from shame.



\* p.81. Wearing not only breeches even, nay!  
But a large cod-piece, merely for display,  
Dressed like a gendarme, Joan of colour dun  
Shall henceforth charm him, I shall be un-  
done  
Speaking she blushed etc.

CANTO 4.

\* p.107. And bring confusion to each En-  
glish head.  
The piercing cries, the clamours they let  
fall,  
The howls of fight, the echoes still recall,  
The drum & trumpet's mingled harmony  
Deafen the ears of all the company.  
Full of assurance, Chandos, to his band etc.

\* p.116. God, this audacious genie to chas-  
tise,  
Ugly as Satan made him to the eyes  
And the foul satyr had beneath his coat,  
An ape's grey hair, & odour of a goat,  
Charmed with himself, what most folks  
laughter moved  
He thought himself just fashioned to be  
loved,  
On every side they search him lusty blades  
Bachelors & pages, young & pretty maids,  
And if one dared to thwart this lustful  
beast,  
Or stopped his nose because his stomach  
failed,  
Refused him shameful pleasure in the least,  
Forthwith the wretch was doomed to be im-  
paled.  
Now night had come, Conculix being maid,  
A note was brought in which the lady prayed,  
His excellence the Bastard, not to fail  
To sit at table with her, eat a quail.

✂ Conculix was the name used in the 1st  
edition, afterwards changed to Hermaphrodix.



\* p. 107. Weeping not only for her  
But a large god-peace, surely for display,  
Dressed like a goddess, down of colour and  
Still herestor'd she shall be un-  
done

Speaking the blessed one.

CANTO I.

\* p. 107. And bring confusion to each ear-  
gliss head.

The piercing cries, the clamours they let  
fall

The howls of fight, the echoes still resall,  
The drum & trumpet's mingled harmony  
Distant the ears of all the company.  
Till of assurance, Charles, to his hand etc.

\* p. 116. God, this adobe's gate to chas-  
tise,

Ugly as Satan made him to the eyes  
And the foul envy had beneath his coat,  
An eye's gray hair, & colour of a goat,  
Chained with himself, what most for  
laughter moved

He thought himself just fashioned to be  
loved.

On every side they search him many blades  
Rashly & pages, young & pretty maids,  
And if one dared to thwart this lustful  
pass,

Or stopped his nose because his stomach

Followed  
Retreat him shameful pleasure in the least,  
Forasmuch the wretch was doomed to be in-

galled.  
Now might he see, Cornix being said,  
A note was brought in which the lady cried,  
His excellence the bastards, not to fall  
To wit as stable with her, and a deal.

\* Cornix was the name used in the 1st  
edition, afterwards changed to Heterophrodix.











Her haughty cruelty they will abuse  
With instruments that men of Turkey use  
From Joan's fair form take.

p.135. However set in her virginity,  
But in such case had breathed an easier  
breath:

But Joan the maiden she had rather death  
And this infernal & lascivious aid  
Seemed but a thing of horror to the maid,  
She weeping to high Heaven said.

### CHAP. 8.

p.144. Besides the emperor, Roman King

Well wiled in Rome will have for evermore  
The Pope may well, to give them their reward  
Write them in red in his renowned record,

Witness for them, that they may honour  
be

The Devil laughs at his absurd legends.  
As each has lived, his doom to each he

And each is judged according to his deeds,  
Boasted or belied as though he were a  
king.

Laughing aloud at Emperor Constantine,  
The confessor in Latin of the secret,  
Pays him his compliments, then, as at first,  
Goes on his way & more & more desires  
The secrets veiled in Porphyry's fires  
In the same rank with others of renown,  
Though honoured falsely upon the earth,  
And justly now devoted to the flames,  
The reverend friar as he passed, found  
Louis, the flower of the peerless flock  
Saint Louis, father of the Christian flock,  
He cursed the cruel madness which induced  
him, by a gloomy fancy misled,  
To leave alone to his unhappy life.







Without a gallant, his most beauteous wife,  
For Turkish Asia to march within  
And massacre the hapless Saracens.  
This bigot King, with chivalry gone mad,  
Who in high Heaven had earned a joyful  
glad,

If to be Christian he were but content,  
Fried now below, & earned his punishment  
A pious man, though no more, to my view,  
He took the imitation for the true,  
Of grace had sup' abundance to the last  
And far beyond the ten commandments passed.  
He scourged himself, he wore a shirt of hair  
Drank water pure, & lived on sorry fare;  
Of liquor & ardent he never ate,  
Pheasant nor partridge never graced his

plate,  
On a hard bed, he oft watched night turn  
day,

Whilst the cruel scourge was never far  
away.

Faith! the poor king had better far employ  
His hours at home with Sargolon to toy.  
The worst of all the roads to Hell to come  
In my opinion's that of martyrdom.  
This innocent in good works did abound  
As many a score of pious pilgrims found  
And so was added to the saintly ring,  
Yet no more he ever felt to bring  
The bitter fruit of war through all the

lands,  
And saw red ruin with his pious hands,  
With death & all the woes of indigence  
He devastated & impoverished France,  
Orphans & widows scattered through the land,  
That devil ever greater harm possessed?  
Grisouard saw him, but he nothing said,  
Perhaps he saw, that if he should speak  
she'd

A screaming end of her and her kind  
have,



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle the Maid of Orleans. translated



Doctors & those who filled the minister's  
chair,

Right wealthy prelates, high lords of Spain  
Italian nuns & to increase the train,  
Of every kind the confessor was seen,  
Ghostly advisors of the fair I mean,  
Whose Paradise mid mundane joys was past  
In dormitory somewhat overcast.

Upon the hearth, before the fire that surged  
From a huge pot, a head just then emerged,  
A night fall, cone-shaped, the head disguised  
Fervidous Calvin, the Friar recognized.

With both his eyes in his two hands set forth  
At brother Luther, he made fierce assault,  
Then astrophiliously his gaze he turned,  
Upon a Roman pontiff he discerned.

Easy to tell that laughing secretary  
With evil heart & mind of bigotry  
And jealous soul a tyrant well might guess,  
Even as he cocked, he still seemed in his

place,  
(That town by every gallant well addressed,  
And all whom old wives tales have not im-  
bed)

Watching the flames fervidus illi intreat,  
Just enemy though somewhat indiscreet  
Of papal power & of Holy Writ,  
And hated rival whose worst crime was wit  
To reason better than the other night,  
Calvin, his eyes all full of ardent light,  
Seemed still that Hieronimo to hear & see  
Imploring pardon, on his banded knee,  
That silly priest, in frippery arrayed,  
The cherished darling of the chambermaid  
Who much preferred the gentle Hereward  
To the good James of country Chamberlaine,  
Go hang, go hang, the vessel seemed to cry  
The kisses, in my lap, since curially,  
And at my lap no legend shall survive,  
So, by my troth, this chamberlaine shall live,  
For having had a greater joy than I.











## CATO VIII.

U.199. And I have advised me by  
to separate struggling I had resistance,  
but crisis for success was by last resource  
for help I called etc.

p. 200. Of Mother Church 'against which  
none argue better-  
Arise for ill, where good's concerned like-  
ise,  
Ah! there's no valour etc.

## CAPITOLO X

p. 264. To carry censure just at least  
prevail  
Onward then, Voltaire, doubly so May tale  
To all the projects he was forced to bear  
To all the plans that leavel told him bear.

p.367. There is not one who doubteth of  
his art,  
Nor holds the devil Martin has a part.  
The eager king their Pavle labours views.

p.273. Agnes they seize, her gentle soul  
as still,  
And lead before Charles the terrillins;  
I' faith for Satan's aid I'd need to go  
if I'd a scribe that you might rightly  
know,  
What trouble & confusion & sore fright  
Despair & desolation, dark as night  
What horrors infinite the souls engage,  
Of lovely Agnes & her handsome page.  
Which prompts them still etc.





## CANTO XI

v.2.p.12. Gaius' st wicked son protest  
 by destiny.  
 The saintly beast returned from Italy,  
 Forthwith & I true scribe proceed to tell,  
 In words succinct what presently befall.  
 To Saint he bent his back etc.

## CANTO XIII

v.2.p.49. Thus Ajax & a certain general,  
 A Duke, a wit, statesman & marshal,  
 One by Scamander's stream, one by the Rhine,  
 Mistook t'is said, upon a morning fine,  
 For enemies, a flock of snow white sheep,  
 But none the less their glory does not  
 sleep,  
 'Twas not of Albion's sons etc.

v.2.p.49. La Trineville so tender & so  
 true,  
 How oft for him, her eyes would tears bedew,  
 He who had sought her mid much martial  
 strife  
 And having found her stayed with her for  
 life  
 Of numbers equal etc.

v.2.p.54. The surest wounds, who strikes  
 the deadliest blow  
 The fair love those who best to combat ride.  
 Then leave it to our valour to decide  
 Come on, your bravest warrior I defy.

v.2.p.54. As in heroic times was often  
 tried  
 Mathias, who had an stolid grace,  
 By cast of dice of Jadas won the place  
 When in some modern commonwealths we find  
 The dice decide who best may rule mankind.





v.2.p.57. I'll use my double rights - of  
Lies & Love  
Then, as towards his squire John Charles  
turned,  
"Her head" he said "is still a little  
turned  
Too arms have I, to combat & to kill,  
I'd better use the third to cure the ill"  
His squire exclaimed etc.

v.2.p.58.  
Deeply he sighs when the three arms appear  
The Confessor of Charles was fraught with  
fear etc.

v.2.p.59.  
More pleasant sights assailed the knight's  
eyes  
He plainly saw, or else he thought he saw  
What never other Saint had seen before,  
He saw advancing to the same surprise  
Before the feet of Agnaces to be,  
The demi-gods of far posterity,  
The diverse charms he thoroughly observed  
Of all these beauties whose address sub-  
served  
To lead the masters of the world a dance,  
Beneath her hand each one would advance;  
They ran together talking mighty big,  
Each had her gallop, & each one her jig,  
And each her mount, at her own fancy drove,  
All were accomplished at this game of love,  
As when with Flora etc.

v.2.p.60.  
When in her withered & uncouth arms  
Blinded with passion, he finds all the  
game,  
The 2nd. Henry, enabled in time,  
So that of beauty he learned all the price  
This pickle of John Charles etc.





p.60.v.2.  
The countess's postures of fine Malines  
Who turned his back & pulled his robes  
apart  
And with Venetia played the female part  
Then work again etc.

v.2.p.60.  
Then by fall twenty years of toils & war.  
The monk saw Venice Doges & the poet,  
The haughty Dukas who Pisa sore oppressed,  
Who with the goats took pleasure in the  
sire,  
But left them to their infamous desire.  
Amor the choicest sight etc.

v.3.p.61.  
A metamorphosis his vision had,  
In long black black lugubriously clad,  
Love casts aside the roses from his hair  
And hides his forehead beneath a bonnet  
square.

While silly, Scruple, lay Decency  
Conceal his traits of smiling infamy.  
His Colours Wren on yesterday's feet,  
His torches twin flame out with equal  
heat,  
Fires without glow, whose chilly flames &  
white  
Fatigue the places they pretend to light.  
By these sad candle's flickering behind,  
With pinks & like a priest, who go behind,  
Grant Louis, poppy-crowned & oarscock led  
Proceeds his ardent Harpidor to wed.  
The monk sees opened by a flabby breast,  
Upon his couch he stirs his aged leg,  
Love is in tears & all his faithful leg,  
To Pappe all the games & laughter fly,  
Paris, the Court are all for play.  
A luxury as brutal as interest  
Is all the pleasure now their left to  
search.

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson 2 vol (one of 500 copies) original cloth



The air grows dense, & cynic with malignant  
Diogenes', not Epicharmus' reign,  
In deep extremes of drunkenness obscure  
The sculler seeks his freedom in procreant,  
Cassocked Hercules, Priapus in a cloak,  
Upon the palace lay their obscene joke,  
To this disgusting pair all lounge their,  
Whom stern brutality alone commands,  
Beauty & grace at their good pleasure scarce  
Such is the end of gentle love in France,  
When Providential care on Destiny,  
The light king laid with his ancestry.  
The monk then saw the Regent's happy time,  
The pleasant reign of license had its prime  
As folly tinkling load her bells in hand  
With lightsome step tripped over Gallia's  
land,

Then pious men as simple fools appear,  
Soft Argosion & Jovian Paradise!  
T'is through your care, Cytherea's god once  
here,

In Orleans' palace seen again above,  
About his shrines once more the incense  
there.

The god of Taste, the one conquer Love knows  
To genius seeks to join all virtues that  
please.

Peans & Priapus, brutal Capricious  
Are forced to make the Convents their re-  
treat,

Not dare in early France to take their seat  
The Regent from his Palace ate.

P.S.P.M.

Lead to the hell, Love going at her page  
Not far from Paris' wealth, superb & grand,  
But let us pause - to write in such a strain  
Might bring to notice what we mean,  
Of such the end of France our night here

live in times with people & millionaire

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson. 2 vol (*one of 500 copies*) *original cloth*



And I, a weakling, hate the sound of strife.  
I'll hold her in first flattering words to me,  
And - hold my tongue - then ready pen

O Barbouillens! dim & mysterious place!  
Walled! Choisy! delicious houses of grace!  
With pleasure Love himself & every youth  
Hath oft preferred to Cythera's desert,  
On all your mysteries, by Highière blessed  
And by its prudent pastor ne'er proclaimed,  
By most chaste use is forced to hold her

I speak of treating of the age the young,  
Time present as the Lord's own ark to use,  
The Ganges invade it with a touch too fine,  
By Heaven is punished with a lethargy.  
Let us be silent then, yet if I dare  
Describe thy beauties thou benevolent

Of all the fair, the noblest, simplest, loveliest  
O sweet & soft & dimpled La Tourville!  
Before your round plump knees, Ah! I might

That incense breathe which Venus will not  
Or sing the exalted destiny displayed,  
For which the brown Flavacourt often

If I should sing that sweet & tender knot  
That bond so dear, though Christian it was

Which by an ancient Hainaut formed at

A bigot prelate later broke & stirred,  
Resoldered later by the mighty king,  
In spite of a fool's previous warning,  
If I love's weapons in due order laid  
If I - but no there shall be nothing said,  
Your charms above me lie so far ahead,  
At length the dreaming monk of white hair,  
Behold at pleasure what I dare not view,  
His eyes though closed, sometimes

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated



The spectacle celestial, contemplate  
Of all these Kings accompanied in a row,  
The second Charles, with Portsmouth fair

below,

The second George with barren Tarnmouth lies,  
While Portugal - the King of plotties,  
Mixes his prayers to God with sabbous sighs  
And royal Victor similarly yearns  
For son, & love & honour burn by turns.  
But when he sees midst royal chattering,  
Betwixt his page & Iris, that quaint King,  
Who was an author, albeit somewhat fierce  
Carousing halloos which he tries to pierce  
(Him who the North has honoured & accompanied  
With Solomon, just as the Germans dared  
Declare their Emperor Caesar in their rage)  
Alas!" said he, etc.

v.2.p.63.

Charles all sweating, like a hallooed bull,  
With finger seeks if Joan's a girl or not,  
"The Devil take" he cries "the foolish  
sword"

And soon the Devil takes him at his word.

#### CANTO XIV

v.2.p.61.

Nor sad disaster longer be her share.  
Vain, it was a palstee's nice part  
To form of gentle Covisante the heart.  
And since that day, infernal & safe & nice  
She's ready at thy shrines to sacrifice,  
Shows how to please, take pleasure & smile  
To all the lords for her condition ill.  
Thus alway Craftsmen often undertake  
To turn & polish with a rough, black hand,  
The gold & silver, Jasper, ivory  
Which form some galleon Foreman's proud  
To these fine French of those most martial  
knights  
And our gallantry with saving smiles,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson, 2 vol. (*one of 500 copies*), *original cloth*



So that possessor of good sense, Penelope,  
The tale both honours of the middle story,  
And then, pacific grace knows how to end  
Twixt cynic Chamos & King Charles his  
friend,  
He planned most dext'rously etc.

v.2.p.85.

Her coats were raised from inadvertency  
Offering to Chamos's admiring gaze,  
Two legs which once were Love, in war torn  
days,  
Has forced again for Persephone to bear,  
(For Louis ever may God keep her fair,  
And some day send her to spiritual care)  
Two legs uncovered etc.

v.2.p.86.

Come I desire this vanquished hero bold,  
Captive & Cuckold in a day to hold,  
But Heaven's all just etc.

v.2.p.107. CANTO XV.

For since long time he 'gan to pine away  
For th'other half of President Louet.  
This handsome Briton etc.

v.2.p.108.

And Bedford's fierce assails while engaged  
Which rends death & terror thro' the land  
Then straight he hies etc.

v.2.p.110.

The last resisting place his foot obtains,  
Unhappy city, what for thee remains?  
In sadness Charles etc.

v.2.p.111.

The British thinking that an army passed  
From the alarmed city rush down fast,  
And all the burgesses, grown valorous quite  
Seeing them fly, pursue their hurried flight

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson. 2 vol. (*one of 500 copies*). *original cloth*

Charles in advance, mid scenes of blood;  
Right to their camp bore out a noble path,  
Besieged, beset in their turn appear,  
Assailed & stricken in the front & rear,  
In groups beside their brands they fall & lie.

A heap of arms & dead & life to lie,  
Their mangled bodies make a compact pile  
And this noble line of strife & blood,  
The King to Dunsinno quoth, "My husband good,  
Tell me, I pray thee, whether she's gone?"  
"Who?" Dunsinno asked. At once the King went on.

"Oh whether has she gone - for sure you  
know."

"Who then?" - alas she's vanished, even not  
Last evening, ere happy destiny  
To Salford's Castle led our company,  
She was not there when in that place we  
fared."

"Oh we shall find her soon," the King  
declared.

"Heaven" cried the King "may she be true to  
us."

Oh keep her true! "During this history,  
Forward he went & combated always.  
Oh wherefore cannot I in swelling lays,  
Of feats heroic prolong the praise?  
'Tis only Honor have a right to tell  
All these adventures & on each to dwell,  
To lengthen out & feats more expose  
To calculate the several wounds & blows,  
To add to Walter's battles still a score  
Of mighty deeds & join to noble arms.  
That sign & words were sure to please in  
plain.

Unlucky to speak of this I'll not refrain  
When I shall find fair Agnes at Salford,  
While on the glorious path her husband  
Along the road these noble warriors glide,  
She talked with the King, & he with her side,



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

Also dense incriminating snow,  
Told her some tale about the dead sleepers—  
Not too didactic, but diverting too,  
The moral hidden in a pleasant view.  
Some paces off in Tribouilly & his lane  
Proceeded, talking of their common flame,  
And how some day they purposed to reside  
Within their castle, with love occupied.  
The hand of nature spread beneath their  
feet

Along their road, a carpet verdant, level,  
Of very velvet like the road beyond,  
Where swift Atlanta passed along the ground.  
Upon this turf where grasses gently grow,  
Agnes approached, with them she will go,  
Follows the Confessor the regiment fair,  
All four proceed with converse unceasing  
till,

Of love & doubts & of piety,  
Of English & the Devil they argue,  
Nothing their eyes see longer as they  
talked,

As each & all they gently, gently walked,  
Both horse & man upon the quaking land,  
The feet at first, then body head & hand  
All were agitated, as at a certain ball,  
That's given by a scribbling cardinal  
Three times a week with operable aid  
Off from an opera very wildly played,  
Here then one here from her sight is

strapped,  
And into Hell most solemnly strapped.  
Agnes observed from off the further  
shore

The heathen Agnes, & was tempted more  
To render to the object of his view  
All the respect which in his spirit grew.  
The bridge he crosses, great is his surprise  
He now to see that just when all his eyes  
Could see that noble & as white as milk  
Himself is swallowed as he swims in milk.  
But Tibouilly, who little off had strayed,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle the Maid of Orleans. translated





Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

## VARIATION OF POETS WILL

### CONTRASTS.

My reader by experience is acquainted  
That the fair god, when as a child, was  
(The 'childish games are lovely all the  
Have quivers too, as very different sport.  
The one looks angry, the other laughing  
Is felt with lively fire or suffering,  
These good with time & penetrate the  
Leaving the lively wounds they there  
Like raging fires his other arrows fly,  
Swift from the bow & burning instantly,  
On senses live, destruction fell they  
With lively red illuminate the cheek,  
With a new blood, men feel their bodies  
And with new being hold themselves in-  
Nothing they understand, their eyes are  
Gesture & action follow their will  
Which o'er the copper's brink, rise &  
Which can now a leap & fall & waltz,  
Are but an image incomplete & false,  
Of love's & fire's fire, when men in  
You know it brother, when, & all I  
For this exquisite god, our light love's  
Controlled when a fair form passes by,  
Beauty's & love's & love's, he moves to





A beautiful child, whose name was  
And lost the shadow of Agnes Fair  
If, with her beauty, her heart had been

Till,  
(A kind heart's wish, such beauty in a  
child)

poetical & young, Corriandine was too young,  
Love's will it was, each King or Cavalier,  
Young buckling up, registered severe,  
Should seek, grown foolish, being separated  
With this fair child a closer bond,  
Servants, the people, & the wiser head  
Alone exempt were from this law abroad,  
Gentle or kindly case was had to see  
This to your aid, for was it that alone,  
The healing art, as well help as you will,  
Thought little help & wisdom, 'neath this

ill,  
And curse & curse the brain, would daily

grow,  
Till the fair fool would see misgivings

show,  
And such a time in dealing was with  
That at the last she might obtain to see,  
Or Lairs' looks mistreated, lovers were then

one,  
For Corriandine's sight, were all undone,  
One, losing memory & sense for good  
Just as a stag, would pasture in the wood,  
And one would think his battles were of

glad,  
And being jostled by the folk she pass,  
Would weep because his back-side had been

knock.  
Grown is sure he is of gentle folk,  
Years tedious & life of his despair,  
Because he knew then up to lower stage,  
A sudden Valour takes, by no means light,  
He thinks himself an ass - in a trice

light -  
Asks for his land, & sends out his  
Call, transformed into a strange song,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated



On three feet walks, upon the ground, one  
 And one legged. Alas in this war time,  
 Amongst the million of wretched all alone  
 Though the fair Conscience was not so  
 Who is the expert wit, the true  
 Thro' his justice, head, proved a way  
 The has not had a shock, in peace or war,  
 All was as usual, if they are not  
 For Conscience a grander personage,  
 Tho' still, a worthy name by all confessed,  
 Whose pride tho' she concealed it in her  
 Was to behold the fool her daughter made,  
 But sometimes 'gan her mind at last to argue,  
 Sorry she was for such a dismal story.  
 Her daughter, then so fatal to the mind,  
 Within an hidden chamber she confined.  
 Before the castle she took care to place  
 Guardians two, with a forbidding face,  
 Bids the house's entrance to maintain  
 Against all comers she would with their  
 The foolish Fair, to such sad fates brought,  
 Sing, several, undressed, very little thought,  
 Regret of none, not a least desire  
 Loyal her to heal her lover's mangled  
 Tho' had the beauty had this knowledge,  
 All it had cost her, would be to say yes.  
 The haughty Charles is high and still  
 That his proud conduct had shaped his  
 Straight as his will to his own  
 E'en as the hand, some savage, the which  
 He shaped in vain the shaping hand,  
 Time, till his gold of anger past the air

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

Then to his master with slow steps will go,  
Head hanging down, & long hair drooping low,  
Till his wearying animal be cured  
Who, in soft sleep, brought him off the ground.

His general withal, hastens to supply  
A youthful colonel, happening to be by,  
Sold Irishman, by name Paul Tiberoni,  
Whose chest was broad, who wore himself right  
As stout of arm as limb, with iron spine,  
Whose haughty brow was sealed with the  
consign

Of one who never such affronts could bear,  
As now made Charles' rader in disgrace.  
This martial pair, with gallant throng be-  
hind,

The gates of Courtenay's house they find,  
They seek to enter, when the porters cry,  
"We bid you halt, bebind you and you cry  
To enter here & Courtenay behold,  
If you would wish that with you here to  
hold"

Paul Chandos this a further insult deems,  
Onward he rushes, while his fiery steed,  
With one straight blow, he sends twelve  
yards away

One porter, with his arm put out of play,  
Ashes & brains he lies upon the road.  
Paul Tiberoni, with no less valiant hand,  
Spurs on his fiery steed & whips him on,  
Presses his knees, late pain & in a trice  
The porter like a lightning flash has  
gone,

And passes o'er the other porter's head,  
Lifting his front, a moment still he stands,  
A second gate demolished & passed,  
Then turning round he drives a long way  
Which, like his terrible colleague, has  
his life.

So in the province, now we find,  
A party, many, and of great renown,  
Runs to the play with the garden



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

And without saying, from his reverend  
As kisses everything he contemplated  
The English suite within the courtyard

The ancient Dame descends in high alarm,  
While Corisandre affrighted at the noise  
Her kittle dons & from her room departs,  
Charles addresses her a salute short,  
True Englishman, much speed was not his

But when he saw a face so innocent,  
Thatilly-skin those charms so abundant,  
Those budding breasts & arms of ivory,  
Which nature's hands had rounded artfully,  
A happy chance he vied was his to seize,  
When Corisandre with mien not quite at

Casts him a glance which little seemed to  
say.

For Paul Virconel, in his courteous way,  
Saluted both the daughter & the Dame,  
And ogled in his turn & felt love's flame.  
What happened then? alas fell madness

Charles affected by that melody,  
As horse-dealer, native of Normandy,  
The youthful fair declares to be a lover,  
Who must be saddled, mounted in due season,  
He whips her fleshy saddle with a crack,  
And in a trice is scuttled on her back.  
The fair one cries out & under Charles

Paul Virconel when different man's calls,  
A tavern-keeper holds himself to be,  
And takes the fair, who's arched upon

For a fat urn of wine, which he will turn,  
Cool wine & less from th'ocifer to turn.  
Still scuttling her, Charles will not turn,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated



And say! You're mad, I think you will see  
 His crossed your will, you cannot even tell  
 From ten of mine, my white mare Isabel!  
 It is my horse, my horse occasion.  
 "It is my horse." "My brother, his my horse!"  
 Both were exactly certain they were right,  
 And for their mad opinions pain to fight,  
 With just such fire, as moves in argo  
 Devotion of their scapular maintain,  
 Or S'Olivet upholds his Ciceri.  
 Swift communications battle to a fro,  
 And certain words, which, thank my order of,  
 I spare my reader's ears, vocabulary  
 Which, lashed by proper pride, our nations  
 Who want their selves, look on unshamed  
 As winds, which gather force, the' erst-  
 Are round a great & fragile vessel  
 Which goes too high the sphere to with-  
 Horror is shed by them, as all the land-  
 So our two Englishmen at Ciceri were  
 In laughter & merriment & a jolting mood,  
 Their vexed, delicious Cancies on them  
 They both push on, determined death to  
 Both are on guard, in a like posture shown,  
 With outstretched arms & rolling forward  
 In quest, in quest, their tough skins show  
 As soon all mine & measure 's' -  
 As better still, a clearer, more  
 With slinking blow of the back of the hand.

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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Less glare, in Heron's purple robe arrayed

One of the avril, clay spars's person,  
Beneath less heavy banners, she appears  
For murder's sister his big beard there,  
On every side blood casts a living stain,  
From neck & arm & from the slain body,  
The red scenery succeeded to the dead,  
The only face would not show that a

sound,  
To strip them of their armour she desired  
A Peter said, a confession required,  
Her daughter all the time with tongue

vice,  
Belied & sought her efforts to pursue,  
Our British pair, exhausted, inclined to

gore,  
Were lying both full length upon the

floor,  
When who should rise but the great King  
of France

With all his gallant knights, he bore the  
honour,

And these bright fair, within his court,  
who threw

Worthy of Mary, & of the best of men.

Beholding these, the beautiful fool came

And hastily drops a clumsy remark  
With these good day with after remarks,

And looks at all things with indifference,  
Who she had thought that nature would

show  
But so much in her we lacking all.  
The beauty even hardly deigns to glance

At the disappointed handsome beauty of France  
Heaven shade the benign graces every day,  
Which would be with the very different way,  
All things are scattered to the wind &

lost,  
And very different are the affairs of France,



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1  
The first, second, third, & fourth, in the name,  
Of little, middle, & great, & the name,  
And d'Angers, & the name, & the name,  
As often for his love as 'gainst his foes,  
All's variable, & in a different strain,  
Fashion the British & the Gallic brain,  
Each one the custom of his country fits,  
With Englishmen of hand & another side,  
Madness is admirable, black as night,  
But with the French, it lively is a light.  
Our folk the habits of one & other seize,  
Dance in a ring, sing choruses that please,  
The fair Frenchmen sometimes make a dance,  
Too' just as soon as French as of old time,  
While Father Boniface, & the name, is said,  
Dances with slower steps with the old maid,  
His doth the page, above the rest, beguile,  
Too' by his pious language & his smile,  
His secret, gestures & his eyes so kind,  
It seemed the Father had a rag of mind.  
That novel 'll which fascinates the view  
Of this most royal & fantastic crew,  
Leads them the castle's great walls, part to

A garden, wherein flows a pleasant stream.  
They wish to bathe, their clothes & ornaments

And nakedly dispose them on the grass,  
Swim in the water, & lift aloft the air,  
Thinking clear water covers them within.  
The water while he swims, & is not to be seen,  
From the enchanting page was he of men.  
As such a crew of riddles without brain,  
Such madly, our dearest fair with pain,  
The wild & Agnes & fair Dorothy  
Discreetly turned their head & then the air,  
Then looked again, then after once again,  
Saw, heard & had to the industrial plain,  
"Have I that married man, & to such a place?  
I have St. Denis for me & mine ass,  
And now an Englishman I have known,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by [illegible] 8 vol (one of 500 copies) original cloth



Arranged by prince, & only a secret slave,  
T'wards Orleans' walls by streets all day I ran,  
And bending just like my labouring man -  
Our heroes and I" agree & bravely  
Contained themselves with certain discipline  
Sometimes they laughed, sometimes were pained  
To see great kings & noble heroes dead,  
But what to do? Where fly? Oh, whether  
Cut-nee's castle they might well regret,  
Had not a servant, of her secret love,  
Taught them the art, with carrying to her  
"Good sense, once lost" she said "is  
To bring whence it has flown, restored man  
only when Corisandre the fair will deign  
In shares of love to let herself be 'tied'.  
This good advice was not without avail,  
The wildest to heed it did not fail,  
Doubtless you know that lecher of renown  
Was always abroad of Joan of Arc,  
And jealous of the use, discreet of all,  
That Amazon he never ceased to stalk.  
When this he heard in confidence arranged,  
He starts forthwith his King & France to  
First in a corner showed the fair to lie,  
From whom after he had been pleased to fly,  
T'wards her he runs, will armed with fire  
They thought him mad and saw the only sign.  
Oh call that I on those that sometimes turn  
That nature had bestowed with perfect care,  
The lovely form of a woman's will.  
With one swift bound he subjugated the  
He lay her to with a vigorous thrust,

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by Ernest Dowson, 2 vol. (*one of 500 copies*), original cloth

A very rare play and game of war  
He comes, breaks the four-fold barriers,  
Then quickening the action of his blade  
In all its length, he lodges farward,  
Within the space his own victorious

word.  
At such a brief assault the youthful fair,  
For self defense had scanty time to spare,  
But with clenched fists, with all her body

strove,  
Biting her lips, her straight limbs backward  
threw,

Nothing by her was understood or known,  
She only waited & invoked her saint,  
Until her adversary's blows grew faint,  
To her, in time the pleasing moment came  
To learn & know, & hence was ill the time  
Of pleasure, whereof previous ignorance  
In her young soul had dulled intelligence,  
Then the enchanting spell proved to be true,  
And every brain is almost as before,  
Almost I say, for there was slight mistake,  
King Charles, forsooth, the sturdy

man  
Of old Benbow, do, for his part received  
Tis of the work, & thus were all surprised.  
Little advantage came of this exchange,  
The human reason, God's great gift, 'tis

strange,  
Is a small thing, but grudgingly bestowed,  
And every mortal's content with his load,  
So change had with the leaves no effect,  
Each one preserved for his fair share  
His former taste & sweet significance,  
But what has love to do with reason's quest?  
For Christian's sake our knowledge she possessed  
Of good & ill, a confidence assumed  
Of art & taste an excellent power  
For all her previous ignorance ignored,  
All this the presence of a saint,  
Thus Alan's silly partner as he said,  
In garden lived a pleasant



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Until the Devil have stilled her sight,  
And made her dreaming, wildly, fit,<  
It were the town whom to-day we meet,  
Who have no need the Devil to entreat.

### CANTO XX

pp. 215 - 216. vol. 2.

In place of the first thirty lines of Canto  
XX, there are found in some editions  
only the following lines.

Now is revenge a passion dire & fell,  
Harmful to men, unpleasing as well,  
Torture it is, a seizure of the heart,  
It is in any case the devil's part.  
Honk Grisbourdon, who shar'd etc.

pp. 217 - 218. vol. 2.

For me, I think your honour's rooted there,  
It needs not of high vantage such aid,  
The Tempter immortal to pursue  
His ancient office to take up again.  
This craftsman most accursed of every name,  
Hastened at once upon the earth to spy  
What did the friends of England do,  
And to that state of body & of mind,  
After that conflict fierce, our Joan re-  
signed.

The King, Burais, & mortal Joan, all three  
Still worried out with war's evils,  
Within their fort at last, in shelter were,  
Waiting till some fresh succour should be  
there,

The breach of the besieged once more re-  
stored,

Was that 'gainst entry of the assailant  
host;

Into retreat had passed the hostile word,  
The citizens, King Charles & Bedford too,  
Capped battail & to their weapons flew;  
Hiss, the quake at the air's swift fall,  
Which so posteriorly shall befall,

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And readers, to whom the legends come  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,  
To tell of a hero's life and death,

The night of his birth was a night of  
The night of his birth was a night of

That the legends of the night are  
That the legends of the night are

When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings  
When carried on his golden wings

Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was

vol. 3. p. 231.

The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected  
The great deliver who neglected

vol. 3. pp. 231 - 232

The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death  
The legends of his life and death

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The legends of his life and death

Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
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Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was  
Within his heart he felt the fire was

Which he felt the fire was  
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Which he felt the fire was  
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Which he felt the fire was  
Which he felt the fire was  
Which he felt the fire was  
Which he felt the fire was

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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This garden's master, were Alexander,  
All things, save one, recruited, under hand;  
A life of Chastity was his command;  
For any one, who, with a pious man,  
Young & deflected in so fair a place,  
Master of all, I had no all things right,  
Save over love, whether by day or night,  
Children none was I, then your first war  
Who for an apple won eternal war,  
I fought by temperance victoriously,  
Subdued by flesh, had no more frailty,  
Virgin I lived, now know ye by what grace  
There was no single one-ness in the place;  
Thus I saw pass, conformed with my life,  
A thousand years & were without a wife.  
Soon it was the pleasure of the tender

King;  
Maker of Heav'n & Earth & everything,  
To rescue man's captivity from,  
He made himself a man - which was a Jew;  
Pantherus, Joseph & the Dark Marie,  
Unconscious did this deed of piety.  
Through her spouse the fair one said, 'Twas well  
To bed was brought of husband - God as

well,  
He was first followed by the Master sort,  
Johns, Mathews, children - folk of no report,  
God's face to great men, as to wise, is dim,  
The stammering fools, the humble folk

him,  
The court of Herod & the gentle-folk  
A husband God of flesh will not invoke,  
And of this flesh, devoted to the name,  
How Justice Pilate makes but little use.  
Albert before, beneath the lash he went,  
And food was raised for his maintenance,  
His public entry was a great event,  
Twas thing arranged, religion would not

pass,  
That he should show him of an art,  
This day was provided by Israel,  
Sabbath, Sunday & by Jerusalem,



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
1769 (1760) original cloth

Within the low it was a leading race,  
In the O. A. A. you see the men's face:  
The Airs arranged them rapidly around,  
The ground the garden with his ruthless

hand,  
He no release from that enclosure found  
Straightway I went up way & led to hand.  
Our preferences the circles impressed,  
At every step were mirrored disclosed,  
But though I wonder, I had a power too  
Vanished forthwith at our diviner view,  
"Long live the King of Glory!" cried the

throng,  
The rest in sudden knowledge took being.  
Lost the creator was to public eyes,  
But soon was re-assured in his eyes,  
I, being faithful with his father's love,  
And enabled all, I very fully arrived,  
Upon the day of her Assumption, she  
Left me by will a small army,  
Which I had known a thousand years I stay,  
Until the holy season, one fine day  
That then morning left, to come in soon,  
But showed me all of the new pleasant

shore,  
Where the great towers of Israel lay,  
There of the Lord I saw his name all

day,  
Loved by them all, who were more than  
In short, amidst the heav'n's star.

vol. II. p. 124.

He chose me out & called me to his side  
With a gold ring and he called me "side",  
While gentle Jesus' most paternal care  
Made me a gift of one bright virgin's hair,  
And while the angels of the heavens pressed  
To wait the coming of the Queen's

breast,  
To hourly wait & stand a look of sight,  
John's eagle, John's eagle, John's eagle

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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Received me in that high place, and  
With an unspotted look, as went to  
There did I leave that proud & laughing  
Who by high seeking was first dearest  
Latter to serve, & then John Calvin's need.  
Hence I drank, Ambrosia was my food,  
But oh, my Joan, a life so great & good,  
Is far beneath the eagles which were  
By veins in contemplation of your name.  
Eagle, ox, horse & lamb, can not compare  
With the rich treasure of your beauty rare.  
Above all other occupations far,  
Where he has called me, my benighted star,  
Know that the happiest, next to my will,  
Which most, perhaps I worthy am to fill,  
Is but to serve beneath your august eye-

When I left Heaven & the ethereal strands,  
On you my fortune & my honour rest,  
Nay, really I've not left Heaven yet,  
I still am there, for in your eyes I live and  
This spoke the man with graceful elegance,  
Crowning his flattery & eloquence,  
With a propitious gesture that I know  
Knew not, nor heard before nor shall know,  
This charming history, delightful tale,  
This innocence with which he could prevail,  
And that unvalued gesture which did call,  
But had so quick & prompt effect on Joan.  
As with her Darius she had never known.  
Whilst thus his eloquence accosts her ear,  
The great Darius, whose beleaguering was near,  
Fearing, was seized with sudden interest  
At the full details of so much eloquence,  
That hard spoke, he straightway wished to

and then love went to him in rivalry.  
He smiled, yes (C. understood it!)

Two largely were after the same old way

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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He sees, but cannot yet believe his eyes.  
Of Delenda, the most valiant knight  
Stood by the pillow of the Hall of France,  
He seized the sword, the Devil's will edg'd,  
Against the Holy shield was in poor plight,  
The great Danais he fain the field to clear  
The Devil quakes & prompt to leave the place  
He was uplifted & through the window flies,  
He bears him by a road across the skies,  
Within these halls of immemorial time,  
Where Conculix confined in fall domain  
Agues the pain, & sundry knights as well,  
Riflers & Gaols within his trap you fell,  
This'ness in that accursed parcel of hell.  
This Conculix sings that was most true,  
When the bold Bastard & the Mail sublime  
With little unafford had made his way,  
And burst the barriers of his palace door,  
To offer suppers were the little pain,  
To cavaliers entrapped in his domain.  
He treated them indeed in cruel kind,  
And kept them in a haven, dark, confined,  
There, in long clock his chamber could go,  
Heard to these, solemnly left below,  
The stored message of Conculix' will,  
"These you must fast, of water drink your  
fill,

And once a week shall stripes be on you laid  
Until the moment when you can or will  
Prepared a season duly to fulfill,  
Shall no removal be save your bones from  
ill.

Try then to love, it needs not of you six,  
Just love with all his heart for Conculix,  
T'is love he wants, & were he's worth the  
pain,

If none of you such passion can afford,  
Whipped you shall be, that is his purpose  
plain,

This he declared & straight departed thence,  
Leaving the prisoners in confinement.  
And who could sacrifice himself for all?



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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Agnes murmured "I am not mad at all,  
The stings of love do feel in vain in

love,  
The gift to love lies not within our

power,  
Painful am I unto my King of France."

As thus she spoke, she took a diamond  
glass

Towards Monroe, with sad & fearful air,  
Monroe declared, "Fare me I love a fair,  
I would not leave her tho' the Gods should

call,  
An hundred Conodix tempt not at all,  
For her I'm ready any stripes to take."

"And so am I, for my dear lover's sake,"  
Cried Dorothy, "There is no trick of fate  
Which Love's sweet charm cannot alleviate,  
When one is true, what tortures left to

fate?  
Her, in Tremaine, at such soft argument,  
Falls at her feet, in sweet abandonment,  
Joy comes his bitter sorrow to allay,  
The Confessor laughs twice, then beckons to

her,  
"Gentles, I too was young upon a day,  
That time is gone, & age's wrinkles trace  
Their tell-tale furrows all about my face,  
What can I do? Alas, I am this thing,  
Dominean, confessor of my King,  
How could I help you from this woe's  
state?"

Paul Tirconel, with courage all abate,  
Rises & cries, "Behold, it shall be so."  
At these brief words said with ardency,  
Once more in captive hearts arose hope's

flame.  
To Conodix, then the next morning came,  
A letter came in which Paul said,  
(By Dorothy's hand it came, she said it was).  
With it he found a little card, signed,  
In French and a most original.

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by [illegible] 8 vol (one of 500 copies) original cloth



VARIANTS OF CANTO XXI

President Hayes falls early in love with  
the Lord Yellow - The White with the  
of Louis.

Now I must tell what consequences  
Cavalier's most magnificent conduct had,  
That to such a glorious triumph led,  
What success through a solitary night  
For Raymond's Priar was able to command  
For the day & for the night  
And with what art he set them safe & free,  
With what a fire & what severity.  
Said from Paris was ravished by the sea,  
And how God's vengeance on his name to

Who had with Salem's help <sup>last</sup> failed the  
mail.

But before all, 'tis Orleans siege was  
Where many warriors have dashed their  
fall,

'Tis there we had to let our trumpet  
swell.

Oh God of Love! O power by frailty known!  
O fatal love that nearly had them thrown,  
That citadel of France in hostile hands,  
Kissed dropped of those who had been  
Louis.

What Belshazzar, an experience grown old,  
And Talbot sought to do, albeit bold,  
And failed at last, O love then sweetest

Reader reflect their fatal flaws of love  
Your bodies burn, & soon your souls begin  
Dear Child: how sweetest love can be  
In that old land, still love his name

clings,  
These faithful lovers struggled for the  
fire,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

His tender hand, months since you'd giv-  
On high Turret with a golden dart  
That in the first of his two chambers he  
found.

It was before that siege we left, remember,  
An anniversary, alas too short they make,  
Loriot & he, in peace their supper take.  
This lowest, president of worthy fame,  
Was rash enough to bid to say his name,  
Began inclined somewhat to play the pride,  
Therefore Love thought her pride should  
be killed.

For pride he hates & oft will then abuse.  
Thus he degraded the sternness of her face  
Her noble dignity he changed indeed  
For certain traits which unto sadness  
lead.

Dear President, on this suspicious day,  
Treat Talbot wins & dances her with ease.  
You've seen already that, the terrible,  
Assault of blood, & horrid massacre,  
Those brave attempts, & all these desperate  
fights,

Within, without, & in the reckless heights,  
When Talbot & his fiery following strain  
The ramparts & the gates had burst & broken,  
When on them from the tower tops there  
broke

Swift, flame & grisly death at one fell  
stroke.

Then fiery Talbot with his agile fall,  
Trampling the flying, thro' the town he staid,  
He swept all things, crying out aloud,  
My nation's enemy & danger I have slain!  
Which he resembled then to war's great god,  
Beneath his footsteps smothering the dead,  
Then Discord & Gallia & high Fate,  
As ministers of Death are his with hate.  
Dear President within her walls a breach  
That looked upon a ruined wall, would surely,



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

And thro' this hole her gallant soul  
His golden helm, whose feathers curl'd & fly,  
His mailed arm, & those live sparks of flame  
Till from his poplar's white-bark falling

That carriage wheel, that death-bed's great  
Down President was almost in despair  
With shock & dread & threat of evil  
As once, when in her graced stage box she  
That great fam'd beauty long has been in-

And eyes heron, after jolly games,  
With velvet upon the floor upon his knee,  
His rich ornaments, garments & his gown,  
Mingled with his her nookie in love's law,  
Love's flames received, her chosen soul

Thou in spirit, O President,  
Consumed by passion, will be confirmed,  
"O my dear, fly, & when you find him, say,  
O tell him come & lead me far away;  
Convey to him, if his own name find  
That he take pity on my lot and mind,  
That if he be a worthy, gallant knight,  
I'll up with him, within his house to-night  
The excellent dispatched a lively page,  
It was her brother, well he showed his way,  
With an easy air, his lady's call  
At Laurel's house, & for the white wall-  
They enter & a woman asked they were,  
Painted & patched, with many a company,  
Her hair or brow or eyes raised to a low,  
On either side in pairs was 'bayed' below,  
They all ran up, she vanished from view,  
Up went the page with the brave fellow

The husband's fall on that famous day  
Thro' so much blood & fire had made his

That on the way, in fallow with love's  
Gone,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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He would forget the trouble of his wars,  
Each nighty here, tho' he win or lose,  
To sup with a fair dame, would rather  
choose.

This Talbot, who has suffered no defeat,  
Awaits within his house his lady guest.  
All things are ready for a supper fine,  
The chased glass, flagons of the sweet  
wine

T'ixt lumps of cooling ice are there to  
sup,

Those liquid robes & that brilliant sup,  
Which Cicerax bless'd, cellars board &  
hide,

In the proud tent, upon the other side,  
A sofa elegantly shaped, is placed,  
Soft, low & wide, with proper fillings  
graced,

With back inclined, & two supports incased.  
There our two lovers at their will could  
play,

Sir Talbot 'gan to live in the French way,  
His care was first forthwith the fair to  
find

Who to his wooing had proved passing kind.  
All things around him of his lady tell.  
They bring her in, she's introduced as well.  
A monster gray, in childish ruffs & frills,  
Just three feet high, not to forget her  
heels.

Her little eyes with lively red appare,  
Yellow effusions ever inundate,  
Her broad flat nose, painted & turned with-  
in

Seems to drop straight upon her long hooked  
chin.

The Devil's mistress, Talbot's sister in law,  
So others call it when she's in the shade.  
It was Sir Talbot's sister who had brought  
The guard when in his house she came to  
light,

She strove to keep the peace & please  
all,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
by Ernest Dowson. 2 vol. (one of 500 copies) original cloth

In vain I light at such a revelation,  
Some President the deepest grief assailed,  
To which her high ambition had

failed,  
She quite lost heart at this disclosure,  
And cursed her sister like a Valois King,  
Always love had troubled sore her mind,  
Twas worse now jealousy had part in it,  
Her troubled mind was lit with further

flame  
And colder than before she now became.  
None had the Ass once more to Jean returned  
The world was over, her troubled senses

yearned.  
Her eyes on fire "For Denis's sake" cried she  
"Is it true Sir, that you're in love with  
me?"

Replied the Ass "You only I adore,  
Fear'n I was jealous of the fool's love,  
And served with pleasure when she sighs  
and loves."

Who saved you from the cloistered life &  
me?

Which the frocked host embraced to  
see.

But jealous were a thousand times as I  
Of the brave Denis, fruit of destiny!  
With jealous anger I had, with love  
fought,

Denis to Italy I did transport.  
He came back every, offered you his heart,  
More handsome he, more anxious by part!  
O noble Joanthine age's prop & pride,  
Those maidenhood the world has glorified,  
Is it Denis to play the victor's part?  
It shall be I, I swear it by my heart!  
Sure I'll be crowned when comes from my part,  
That mine should be, mine, for mine should  
stand!

If ever gentle, tender & discreet,  
Until to-day I've kept my secret sweet,  
If Joan be flattered my desires to greet,



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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if full of love, as ardent as its true,  
I heavenly pains forsake, because of you,  
If oft upon my back you've used as ride,  
To bear me in your turn, you might decide  
The Union this salacious suit decided  
With anger, which amusement were relieved,  
And yet her mighty heart could but reflect  
Some secret flattery at an strange effect,  
Caused by her beauty signal & immense,  
Then so cross a soul's thick-lidded sense,  
She stretched her lily hand upon her eyes,  
With scarce a thought, then drew in back

again,  
She blushed afraid, wonders herself, alas!  
Then reassured exclaiming to him, "Fair ass,  
Childhood the hope you understand,  
Respect my duty & my glory's claim,  
Too broad the difference that us divide.  
I never could your tenderness abide,  
O, have a care & urge me not too far!"  
The ass replied, "Love levels every bar.  
Think of the scorn by Leda not dishonoured,  
Wretched an honest woman she remained.  
Knew you the daughter unto Tithonus here,  
Who for a bull's sake heroes held in scorn,  
And for her lovely breast bore many a pain?  
Knew, by an eagle, Sappho was taken,  
How Philyna her lavish favours threw  
On the sea-god, whom as a lover she knew."

The Devil while thus he argued from his  
score,  
The Devil, first author of all failed love,  
Furnished his flesh examples for his ass,  
So that the ass might take the Devil's

plans.  
Love listened, what can sloppiness not teach?  
The ear stood, if you the heart could reach  
Amazement in sudden silence struck.  
Love is confessed, she confesses, loves & is lost  
To love an ass & yield to his low pride!  
There was dishonour she would not abide,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated  
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Who lived, her immenses preserved, to tell  
From midnight a twilight of fearful as well,  
Who had, supported by high Heaven's grace,  
In mortal fight brought Charles to the place,  
But this fair one a radiant angel divine,  
What here, were there he, can sparkling, shine?  
None could more tender be, nor give more

Upon his back the Christ was laid to all,  
No mortal plagues have ever been his share,  
Of Sorrow he has the virgin's pain,  
No loneliness in his abode,  
Father dividing his secret mind,  
Within her heart these thoughts a sacred

and all her mind was troubled & deformed.  
So on the earth deep, one of many say  
The beauty of the world & sky,  
One rising from the distant Amazon lands,  
While one from very mortal regions came,  
Some wandering ship on ocean to signal,  
Seeking Caylon, Sumatra or Borneo.

And then the world is lifted to the sky,  
When that the world is hurried perishing,  
Then comes the night with its engulfing

Seeming to issue from the jaws of Hell.  
This is our Amazon in mortal form,  
The sea is rising, followed then,  
In her confusion, could not hold at all  
That awful rudder when the vessel fell.  
Her eyes are all white with terror fire,  
Her senses reel, her heart white death,  
And her face is sallow pallid green,  
And with lively black it burns & glows.  
A fearful picture of the oracles,  
More than all else the dangerous to her.  
No longer a' her breast is the green,  
White with a longish bar and green  
And of her head her graceful hair is all  
In half a second the time she falls at

All,

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

The stormy robes are laid aside in the  
view,  
And her hair is the source of  
scurrying lines,  
She looks below & wonders what she  
says,  
And her hand is on her plume  
knows.  
So we are told Thiberville & Villard,  
The belated Caesar then afar,  
Inflamed by the fire which was their  
fate,  
With lowered heads would Nicotichas  
wait;  
And frequently with vigorous empire  
Their Plumed Incey's belated facilities  
The running lay who rules all things  
with rolls,  
The human race, monkeys as well as gods  
With bow in hand, in heights of mystery  
stayed,  
And with a smile of pleasure waited  
the field,  
Twisting her ramp & sailing along her  
might,  
Catching the eye with which her liver  
sighs.  
Hasting the moment when her smile  
said.  
Her is her own empire built in  
grass  
The last sword of her age with a final  
stroke,  
Three times the field of battle-bred  
believed,  
When the burning war had received  
The peaceful nation of the heavenly  
power,  
And then a dear that power  
said,  
With the only power that had been,  
So now is the end of the world  
said.



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

The mighty fire within her breast ill  
Spark after spark be burnt & die from it,  
When suddenly she hears a voice that of her  
"Hasten O Dawn, for 'tis the signal now,  
The light is up, Dawn is under way,  
The light is up, Dawn is under way,  
To the King's side to rally here begin,  
Brave yourself, 'tis time that sleep were  
done!"

'Twas Dorothy who spoke, the young, the fair  
By kind intent to cheer the hurried there,  
Thinking to cheer her wrapped in slumber's  
arms.

She came to see a happy her to cheer,  
Thus crying to the fair, who passed still,  
She opened the door, the lock was fastened  
ill.

The dawn came at their point as she came  
These lines she crossed herself for years  
done.

Voices were less astounded, than of old  
Walled steps of steel were made from  
to build.

For all the gods, & mortal Valour men,  
Held with their hands, she saw their rise,  
Then Dawn's eye was recognized by Joan,  
As seeing all, she lay as if dead, as if  
Then Dawn's eye was recognized by Joan,  
As seeing all, she lay as if dead, as if

Before she sail in waves as if dead, as if  
'Tis still a light mystery you know,  
It is a new name for the King I know,  
And if appearance against me shall  
I'm sorry for it - but you will not fail,  
For light I shall be if Dawn's eye is right,  
There is no light in an equal light,  
Especially Dawn's eye is right, as if  
On the light of Dawn's eye is right, as if

On the light of Dawn's eye is right, as if  
On the light of Dawn's eye is right, as if  
On the light of Dawn's eye is right, as if

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated



Remember the look, a change of shift she

In silence & in arms was none moved,  
That Dorothy still lost in her confusion,  
That spoke to her with freedom in her

Shall in truth my surely simple mind  
Is little varied in spite of the world,  
Your secret I will keep I swear it is,  
For I have heard of love, myself I know,  
Misfortune laughing at her folly, and  
To pardon herless I believe in her,  
All tastes I do respect, oh how I believe  
But I confess I hardly can receive,  
The love within her's arms and my  
Believe in love, but I can never believe,  
This to reward the wife made of her love,  
How can one being herself be such a love,  
So how submit oneself to the desired,  
And submit which must a man require?  
I shall be true with consideration done  
Alarmed, beside myself a sure mortal,  
At the very thought of what the pain will

In finding space for such a love,  
The stiffness & the unyielding strength  
Of the destroying weapon, I see it all  
In line, how can you exist so long,  
Without flight, quite conscientiously  
How to still run, so little pain  
As this to serve desires well, I find  
The handsome Prince for me to leave,  
Dying without some pleasure to receive,  
For pleasure you received my intention

I read it in your eyes, your eyes of flame,  
In all at least with charity for me,  
I know myself, I could have been so,  
A such a man? Then I am willing, still  
And still! Alas! but I have given you

Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans. translated

POETRY OF THE AUTHOR

Wise by Alton Varney, M.D., of the

I sought old age to soften & improve,  
O gift of God! I sought love, for the sweetest,  
It is in your love, happiness we meet,  
Illustrated first of pleasures, after all  
Truly I seek in my secluded hall,  
To sing the praises of Jesus & of Mary,  
For gentle ladies, they might well show,  
For kindly gentleness & charity's sake,  
Gentle of the soul & full of love,  
But who's the friend who steals from me  
This page?

My heart's love drops from my hand in vain,  
No fleshly gifts avail, 'tis in vain,  
For I shall keep her ever in my heart,  
Still those virtues need to God alone,  
For all their worth, know how to keep them.



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

*To the Editor of the GENERAL EVENING POST.*  
SIR,

**T**HE following Translation was in consequence of a wager. An admirer of Voltaire, some time ago in a private party, conversing about the beauties of the *Maid of Orleans*, offered to lay any man in company ten guineas, he could not translate in a week, tolerably, the incomparable description of Agnès, in the first canto. A gentleman who was present told him immediately, that he would undertake to do it in twenty minutes, provided the judgment of the company was to determine the wager. The challenger closed with this proposal, and in about fifteen minutes he produced the following Translation; which meeting the approbation of the company, I imagined it might not prove unacceptable to your readers. I have prefixed the French lines.

Sous un cou blanc, qui fait honte à l'albâtre,  
Sont deux tetons, séparés, fait au tour,  
Allans, venans, arrondis par l'Amour,  
Leur bouton net est de couleur de rose;  
Teton charmant ! qui jamais ne repose,  
Vous invites les mains à vous presser,  
L'œil à vous voir, la bouche à vous sucer.

TRANSLATION.

Beneath a neck, so dazzling white,  
That alabaster shines less bright,  
Two hills of living snow divide,  
And heave in motion's softest tide,  
On either's panting summit stood  
An infant rose's crimson bud,  
There plac'd by Love's own hand to blow,  
And scatter sweets divine below :  
O ! charming hills, that know no rest,  
For ever panting to be prest ;  
Provoking still the eye to gaze,  
The daring hand ripe joys to seize ;  
Provoking still the burning kiss,  
That stings the melting soul with bliss.

*Middle-Temple, July 1.*

PETRARCH.







Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle. the Maid of Orleans. translated



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated





Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans translated



Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated





Voltaire (A. de) La Pucelle, the Maid of Orleans, translated

Name Index to "The Maid  
of Orleans or La Pucelle of  
Voltaire, Translated by W. H.  
Ireland 1822.

Volume I.

- Albert The Great 137.  
Alderanus, King of part of Spain 21.  
d'Alencon, Duke 27, 60, 68.  
Alexander VI. (Borgia). Pope. XIII  
Alix (pseudo. for Henrietta) 5, 24, 25, 82,  
Alix - Anun, 115, 121, 124.  
Alva, Duke of 237.  
Anastasius, Emperor of the Greeks 21,  
d'Ancre, See Concini, Galsori.  
Anjou, Mary, wife of Chas. VII 20, 23,  
" , Louis, 2<sup>nd</sup> Duke of, 20,  
Antoinetta de Maiguelois, Dame de  
Villeguir, 23.  
Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, 142, 155.  
Aquinas, Thos. 26,  
d'Arbrissel, Robt 100, 101, 114, 133.  
d'Arc, Jacques, father of La Pucelle 38, 59,  
" , Isabella or Elizabeth Romée, mother  
of La Pucelle 59,  
" , Joan, various.  
Aristides 142, 156,  
Armstrong XXIV.  
Artus III. Duke of Brittany, formerly Count  
de Richemont 32.  
Arundel. See Christopher  
" , Earl of 30,  
Assisi, Francis of. 61.  
Auranches, Bishop of - Huet. 19.

- Bacon, Roger 137.  
 Balzac 18.  
 Barromeus, Count of, XVI  
 " See Milan.  
 Baudricourt, Roger or Robert 51, 67.  
 Bayard 182.  
 Beaufort, Cardinal 29.  
 Besulieu, Camus 32.  
 Beaumarchais XXXII  
 Beaumelle, Laurent Angliviel de la  
XXX, XLV, 174, 185, 186.  
 Beaumont, Christophe de, Archbp. of  
 Paris. Duke of St. Cloud.  
XI,  
 Becanus, George 131.  
 Bedford, John. Duke of, Regent.  
 9, 27, 29, 31, 72, 90,  
 " Duchess of 136,  
 Bel, Philippe. 154, 233.  
 Bernard, Sam. (Banker) 116, 134.  
 " , Gentil, poet, 134.  
 Berthier, Father 100.  
 Bertrade, Queen 100.  
 Besogne, Sister 278 to 281  
 Blind, Le 136.  
 Boccacio XXIV  
 Boileau XLII, 18 to 20, 261.  
 Bolingbroke X, 97.  
 Boniface VIII, Pope, 237.  
 Bonneau (pseudo. for Bourvolais)  
 3, 4, 7, 24, 81, to 85, 167, 264,  
 Borgia, Lucrecia, XIII & See Alexander  
 Bosse, De 19.  
 Bouillon, Duke de 89.  
 Bourignon, Antoinette 134.  
 Bourvolais, See Bonneau.



Boussac, Marshal de 32.  
 Brabant, Mary of, 285.  
 Brandenburg, Margrave of, (King of  
 Prussia) See Prussia  
 Brantôme historian 102.  
 Brittany, Duke of, See Artus, John, Peter  
 284.  
 Brossette 19.  
 Bruyère, La 24.  
 Burchard, Bishop of Worms 129.  
 " Duke of 30.



Boccaccio

### THREE GREAT

The awakening of Europe to a new era of Italy. Dante was, of course, the sun of the movement. In Petrarch and Boccaccio the movement was striving to direct it along the high spiritual path, and achieving the more readily attainable by, and joining the reformers he became one of the great figures of the movement. He did a lasting work for Geneva, where his system of ecclesiastical discipline was established.

60, 61, 98, 101, 184,  
 260,  
 de Daulon

Catherine 43, 62,

of XXVII

sten 130,

XLV. 286

du 65,

Porcius 142, 155,

15 142, 155,

175. VI

35, 49, 50, 72, 82, 84, 85,

5, 108, 111, 165, 167, 172, 274,

nes, XLII. 2, 18, 19.

19,

18, 21,

Charles VII of France 20, 25, 30, 32, 283, 284,

" VII " " , XLV. 1 to 10, 14, 17, 19, 20,

22 to 25, 28 to 33, 44, 47, to 49, 51,

53 to 59, 61, 67, 68, 80, 83 to 85,

113, 166, 167, 170, 204, 214, 215, 218,

219, 224, 263, to 267, 274, 285,

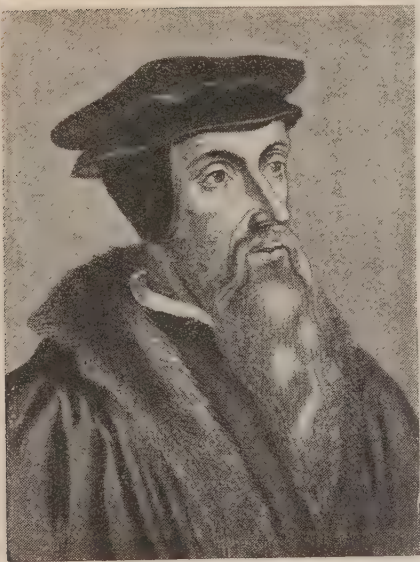
" VIII, 27, 182,

" XII 113.

- Bacon, Roger 137.  
 Balzac 18.  
 Barromeus, Count of, XVI  
 " See Milan.  
 Baudricourt, Roger or Robert 51, 67.  
 Bayard 182.  
 Beaufort, Cardinal 29.  
 Besulieu, Comus 32.  
 Beaumarchais XXXII  
 Beaumelle, Laurent Angliviel de la  
XXX, XLV, 174, 1 SPLENDOR  
 Beaumont, Christophe de, secular pleasure and all secular  
 Paris, Duke of St. the time of his Dominican  
 XI, lamo Savonarola, who fell a  
 Becanus, George 131, 198, under the most tragical  
 Bedford, John, Duke of, s, to the political intrigues of  
 Regese talented fanatics two  
 9, 27, 29, 31, 72, 90, re furiously struggling—the  
 " Duchess of 136, subjection to authority and  
 Bel, Philipe, 154, 23, freedom. At a later date  
 Bernard, Sam. (Banker) 116, was secured upon other soil;  
 " , Gentil, poet, 134, can here serve—the stake at  
 Berthier, Father 100, -Dominican Giordano Bruno  
 Bertrade, Queen 100, February 17th, 1600. De-  
 Besogne, Sister 278 to 28, anaticism produced no per-  
 Blond, Le 136, ult, and certainly none in  
 Boccacio XXIV enthusiasm passed away, and  
 Boileau XLII, 18 to 20, 261, ra. Salimbene de Adamo, the  
 Bolingbroke X, 97, rst modern historian; a true  
 Boniface VIII, Pope, 237, contemporary of Frederic II..  
 Bonneau (pseudo. for Bourvalois)  
 3, 4, 7, 24, 81, to 85, 167, 264,  
 Borgia, Lucrecio, XIII & see Alexander  
 Bosse, De 19.  
 Bouillon, Duke de 89.  
 Bourignon, Antoinette 134.  
 Bourvalois, See Bonneau.

Boussac, Marshal de 32,  
 Brobant, Mary of, 285.  
 Brandenburg, Margrave of. (King of  
 Prussia) See Prussia  
 Brantôme historian 102.  
 Brittany, Duke of, See Artus, John, Peter  
 284.

Brossette 19,  
 Bruyère, La 24,  
 Burchard, Bishop of Worms 129.  
 B... Duke of 30,  
 60, 61, 98, 101, 184,  
 260,  
 e Daulon



JOHN CALVIN

He was born at Noyon in Picardy, and joining the Reformers he became one of the great figures of the movement. He did a lasting work for Geneva, where his system of ecclesiastical discipline was established.

Catherine 43, 62,  
 of XXVII  
 ston 130,  
 XLV. 286  
 du 65,  
 Porcius 142, 155,  
 s 142, 155,  
 rs. VI  
 35, 49, 50, 72, 82, 84, 85,  
 108, 111, 165, to 167, 172, 274,  
 nes, XLII. 2, 18, 19.

19,  
 18, 21,  
 Charles VI of France 20, 25, 30, 32, 283, 284,  
 " VII " , XLV. 1 to 10, 14, 17, 19, 20,  
 22 to 25, 28 to 33, 44, 47, to 49, 51,  
 53 to 59, 61, 67, 68, 80, 83 to 85,  
 113, 166, 167, 170, 204, 214, 215, 218,  
 219, 224, 263, to 267, 274, 285,  
 " VIII, 27, 182,  
 " XII 113.



- Bacon, Roger 137.  
 Balzac 18.  
 Barromeus, Count of, XVI  
 " See Milan.  
 Baudricourt, Roger or Robert 51. 67.  
 Bayard 182.  
 Beaufort, Cardinal 29.  
 Besulieu, Comus 32.  
 Beaumarchais XXXII  
 Beaumelle, Laurent Ang  
XXX, XLV, 174.  
 Beaumont, Christophe de  
 Paris. Duke of  
XI,  
 Becanus, George 131.  
 Bedford, John. Duke of, 1  
 9. 27. 29. 31. 72.  
 " Duchess of 13.  
 Bel, Philipe. 154.  
 Bernard, Sam. (Banker) 1  
 " , Gentil, poet. 1  
 Berthier, Father 100.  
 Bertrade, Queen 100.  
 Besogne, Sister 278 to  
 Blind, Le 136.  
 Boccacio XXIV  
 Boileau XLII, 18 to 20, 261.  
 Bolingbroke X, 97.  
 Boniface VIII, Pope, 237.  
 Bonneau (pseudo. for Bourvalois)  
 3, 4, 7, 24, 81. to 85, 167, 264,  
 Borgia, Lucrecia, XIII & see Alexander  
 Bosse, De 19.  
 Bouillon, Duke de 89.  
 Bourignon, Antoinette 134.  
 Bourvalois, See Bonneau.





Boussac, Marshal de 32,  
 Brabant, Mary of, 285.  
 Brandenburg, Margrave of. (King of  
 Prussia) See Prussia  
 Brantôme historian 102.  
 Brittany, Duke of, See Artus, John, Peter  
 284.  
 Brossette 19.  
 Bruyère, La 24,  
 Burchard, Bishop of Worms 129.  
 Burgundy, Duke of 30.  
 Butler, Samuel 60, 61, 98, 101, 184.  
 Byron 260,  
 Beaucarre See Daulon

Cadière, Marie Catherine 43, 62,  
 Calas, family of XXVII  
 Colmet, Augustin 130.  
 Calvin XLV. 286  
 Conge, Chas. du 65,  
 Cato, Marcus Porcius 142, 155,  
 " , Marcus 142, 155,  
 Centlivre, Mrs. VI  
 Chandos, John 35, 49, 50, 72, 82, 84, 85,  
 102, 106, 108, 111, 165, to 167, 172, 274.  
 Chapelsin, James, XLII. 2, 18, 19.  
 Chapelle 19,  
 Charlemagne 18, 21,  
 Charles VI of France 20, 25, 30, 32, 283, 284,  
 " VII " , XLV. 1 to 10, 14, 17, 19, 20,  
 22 to 25, 28 to 33, 44, 47, to 49, 51,  
 53 to 59, 61, 67, 68, 80, 83 to 85,  
 113, 166, 167, 170, 204, 214, 215, 218,  
 219, 224, 263, to 267, 274, 285,  
 " VIII, 27, 182,  
 " XII 113.

- Charles of France, Count of Valois 28,  
 " , son of Charles VII 20,  
 " XII of Sweden 90, 132,  
 Chartier, John. historian 25,  
 " , Alain 7. 21, 25,  
 Chartres, Archbp. of 20,  
 Chateauroux, Duchess of 52. 67.  
 Chemille, Petronouilla de. 101.  
 Childeric III 74. 92. 156.  
 Christopher of Arundel 222. 225 to 230,  
 242, 252 to 254.  
 Chrysologus, Peter 91,  
 Clairvoux, Abbot of 118. P35,  
 Clarence, Duke of 29.  
 Clement III. Pope 159,  
 " XI " 99  
 " XVI " 99  
 Clovis 17, 21, 29, 143. 156. 157.  
 Coeur, Jacques 23.  
 Concini, Concino, Marquis D'Ancre 98,  
 Condé, Prince de, 71, 89.  
 " , Louis, Prince de, Duke d'Enghien  
 89.  
 " , Henry, Prince de 89,  
 Congreve VI  
 Constantine the Great 143. 157,  
 Cost. De. 134,  
 Courcy, Lady de, 30,  
 Creon, Pierre de 284.  
 Crevecoeur, Marquis of 132.  
 Cujas 42. 62,  
  
 Dacier, Madame 20,  
 Donchet, Antoine 73. 91.

Daulon, afterwards Seneschal de Beaucaire  
60, 68, 131,  
Deffont, Madame de. 28.  
Dennis, Bishop of Paris 28.  
Despresaux 19.  
Dorothy. 12, 176 to 179, 192, 196, 203 to  
208, 214 to 227, 234, 242 to 247,  
253, 254,  
Dorcin, Louis 75, 95.  
Dryden, John XXIV  
Duclos, Chas, Dencen XLIV  
Dunois, Jean d'Orleans, Count de and  
of Longueville 11, 13, 19, 30, 108, 111,  
113, 114, 118 to 125, 135, 148, to 151,  
162, to 165, 172, 175, 176, 178, 192,  
193, 195, 200 to 203, 207, 214 to 220,  
Duplexi. 69.

Edward 1<sup>st</sup> of England 24.  
Escobar, Anthony 75,  
" , Bartholomew 94,  
Esse, Van 19,  
Etoile 64,  
Eugene, Francis, See Savoy.  
" , Prince 132,  
Eutychius, Alexander 130,  
Evans, T. of Smithfield XXI.  
d'Enghien, Duke See Condé

Ferguson VI.  
Ferdinand of Spain XIII  
Flamel, Nicholas 92,  
Flecher 19,  
Folard, Chevalier de 131.

Fontaine, La 19, 92,  
 Francis 1<sup>st</sup> 23. 33. 182.  
 Frederick, Augustus 1<sup>st</sup> King of Poland  
 132.  
 Frederick, King of Prussia 136.  
 Freron, Elia Catherine 174, 186, 187

Galigai, Elenora 78, 98, See Concini  
 Galilio, Galilei, 78, 97.  
 Gay VI  
 Gerson 69.  
 Giac, Lord of. 32. 33.  
 Girard, John Baptiste 43. 62. 79.  
 Gloucester, Humphrey, Duke of 29.  
 Grandier, Urban 78.  
 Gregory IX Pope, 62. 159,  
 " XV " 99.  
 Grey, Earl XXXV  
 Crisac, Marquess of, See Serpio  
 Grisbourdon, Roch 40, 41, 43, 48, 124,  
 to 126, 137, 141, to 146, 149,  
 161, 162.  
 Guesclin, Du 31,  
 Guyon, Claude Marie 174, 186.

Hainsault See Jacquellini  
 Halifax, Lord 106  
 Hanover, King of XIV  
 Henriette See Alix  
 Henry V. of England 10, 29, 32, 90,  
 " VI " " 20, 27, 29, 224.  
 273,  
 Henry IV of England 27, 182,  
 " VIII " " 182,



Hermaphrodix, 115, 116, 119 to 121, 124,  
134, 135, 147, 151, 163,

Hildouin, Abbe 28,

Hire, La, Stephen de Vignolles 11 to 13,  
31, 108, 110,

Hogarth, Wm. 238,

Honorius III, Pope 159,

Hopkins, Mathew 61,

Hoppeshor, Wm. 24,

Hurdal 69,

Huet. See Avranches

Huntingdon, Wm. XIX.



Innocent III Pope 62, 159,

Ireland Wm. Hy. XXXVII

Isabelina of Hainault 23,

quinot See Lescot

mes 1<sup>st</sup> 61,

Jansenius, Cornelius, Bhp of Ypres 96,  
129,

John, King XIII.

" , Duke of Brittany 32,

Johnson, Dr Sam<sup>l</sup> 185,

Konigsmark, Aurora 113. 132,

Lancaster, Thos. of 29,

Lanctantius 98

Lapart (Loxert) DuRAND uncle of  
La Pucelle 67.

Fontaine, La 19, 92,  
 Francis 1<sup>st</sup> 23. 33. 182.  
 Frederick, Augustus 1<sup>st</sup> King of Poland  
 132.  
 Frederick, King of Prussia 136.  
 Freron, Elia Catherine 174, 186, 187

Galigai, Elenora 78, 98. See Concini  
 Galilio, Galilei, 78, 97.  
 Gay VI  
 Gerson 69.  
 Giac, Lord of. 32. 33.  
 Girard, John Baptiste 43. 62.  
 Gloucester, Humphrey, Du  
 Grandier, Urban 78.  
 Gregory IX Pope, 62. 15  
 " XV " 99.  
 Grey, Earl XXXV  
 Grissac, Marquess of, Se  
 Grishourdon, Roch, 40, 41.  
 to 126, 137, 14.  
 161, 162,  
 Guesclin, Du 31.  
 Gruyon, Claude Marie 174, 180.

Hainsault See Jacquelin  
 Halifax, Lord 106  
 Hanover, King of XIV.  
 Henriette See Alix  
 Henry V. of England 10. 29. 32. 90,  
 " VI " " 20. 27. 29. 224.  
 273,  
 Henry IV of England 27, 182,  
 " VIII " " 182,

Hermaphrodite, 115, 116, 119 to 121, 124,  
134, 135, 147, 151, 163,  
Hildouin, Abbe 28,  
Hire, La, Stephen de Vignolles 11 to 13,  
31, 108, 110,  
Hogarth, Wm. 238,  
Honorius III, Pope 159,  
Hopkins, Mathew 61,  
Hoppeshor, Wm. 24,  
Hordal 69,  
Huet. See Avranches  
Huntingdon, Wm. XIX.

Innocent III Pope 62, 159,  
Ireland Wm. Hy. XXXVII

Jacqueline of Hainault 23,  
Jacquinot See Lescot  
James 1<sup>st</sup> 61,  
Jansenius, Cornelius, Bhp of Ypres 96,  
129,  
John, King XIII,  
" , Duke of Brittany 32,  
Johnson, Dr Saml 183,

Konigsmark, Aurora 113, 132,

Lancaster, Thos. of 29,  
Lanctantius 98  
Lopart (Loxert) DuRAND uncle of  
La Pucelle 67.

Lauderdale, Earl of XXIV.  
 Law, John XXIX 75, 93.  
 Laxart See Lepart.  
 Leo X. Pope XIV  
 Lescot, Hector otherwise Jacquinot  
     29.  
 Linziere, Father 52, 67  
 Locke XX  
 Longueville See Dunois  
     " , family 19.  
 Lorraine, Duke of 59, 67, 89.  
 Louis, Saint 26, 60,  
     " , XI 20, 21, 23, 30, 31, 182.  
     " , XII 33, 182.  
     " , XV 24, 52, 64, 67, 97.  
     " , XVI 18,  
     " , XVIII XXXVI.  
     " , XIII 98.  
     " " XIV 95, 98, 208.  
 Lourdis, Brother 73, 74, 77, 79, 86, 90  
     91, 93, 106, 107.  
 Louvet, President 12, 13, 33, 109.  
 Loyola, Ignatius 79, 99, 286

Mabillon, Pere XVIII 91.  
 Maine, Duchess of 96.  
 Mainferme, Father 101,  
 Margaret, Gn. of Scotland  
     " , of Sicily 28,  
 Marigni 28,  
 Marlborough, Duke of 90, 132.  
 Massillon, John Baptiste 42, 62,  
 Marchangy 18  
 Maiguelais See Antoinetta



Martinguerre 227, 229, 243 to 247,  
252,

Malthus. XXIX

Maubert XXX. XLV.

Maurice, Prince 89

Medeis, Marie de 98,

Menage 18, 19,

Menzekoff 136,

Mezeray historian 23 to 25, 33.

Milan, Archbp of, St Charles of Barrromeus.

XVI

Milton, John XX

Molesme, Robert de 130,

Moliere 19,

Moll Cutpurse 60,

Molini, Louis 75, 94,

Monrose 167 to 171, 268 to 275,

Monstrelet historian 22, 59,

Montecuculi, General 89,

Montfaucon 91

Montzeron, Carré de 97.

Moore, Thos. XXIV

Moranger, Marquess of XXVII

Moreri historian 25, 90,

Mornington, Lord 285.

Morris, Captain XXIV.

Motte, Anthony Houdart de la 2, 20,

Murray publisher XXVII.

Napoleon, Buonaparte 188.

Nassau, Elizabeth of

" Wm. 1st of, <sup>see Orange</sup> Prince of Orange

Nonotte 174, 187,

Novelompont, Jean de, of Metz 67

Olympia, Donna 135,  
Ompteda, Baron of XIII  
Orange, Prince of, Wm. 1<sup>st</sup> of Nassau 33  
d'Orleans, Jean, Bastard of See Dunois  
" , Louis, Duke, afterwards Louis  
XII 30, 33.  
" , Duke afterwards the Regent 94

Paris, Archbp. of See Beaumont, Dennis  
" , Abbe, Medard, 77, 96, 97.

Paschal II, Pope 101,

Pasquier historian 28, 69,

Paul III Pope 99.

" IV " 208

Pepin 92,

Perrault 20,

Peter the Simple, Duke of Brittany 32,

" " Great 90, 136,

Philip VI of France de Valois 28, 59,

" 1<sup>st</sup> " " 100,

" III " 285,

Piron 63,

Poland, King of See Stanislaus-Frederick

Polignac, Cardinal de V, 28.

Pompadour, Marchioness of, Antoinette

Porsson 64,

Pope, The. See Alexander, Leo, Innocent,

Gregory, Paul, Clement, Urban,

Paschal, Honorius, Boniface

Porter, Miss 185,

Poton, See Saintrealles

Poulangres, Bertrand de 67.

Prevost, Abbe 19,

Porsson, Antoinette, See Pompadour

Pror

XXIV

Prussia, King of See, Brandenburg.  
- Frederick -

Quesnel, Pasquir 79. 99. 111, 132,

Rabelais 26. 91, 102, 286.

Racine 19. 20,

Regnier 154,

Remy or Remi, Saint 143. 156, 157. 18,

~~Rheims~~, Archbp of Rheims

Rheims, Archbp of See Remy

Rhul 18.

Ricardo XXIX

Richard III 182.

Richelieu, Cardinal 18, 89.

Richemont, Count de 11, 13, 15, 31 to 35,  
51, 108, 110, See Artus

Rocheaucault, Le XV, 25,

Roland, surnamed the 'Furious' 18

Rosamore, Judith de 225, 227, 238,  
243 to 247, 252 to 254, 261,

Roure, Count du See Scipio

Rousseau, Jean, Jacques V, XI XXXIII 20,

Saint Augustin 96. 98, 129, 138, 259

" Bennet 133,

" Bernard 33, 130, 134,

" Clotilda 17,

" Cloud, Duke of, See Beaumont

" Denis, 9 to 11, 14 to 16, 28. 34, 37, 39, 40,  
43 to 51, 55 to 57, 60, 63, 72, 73, 80, 107,  
111, 127, 163, 204, 218, 220, 223, 224,

- Saint Dominick, Gusman 145, 158,  
 " Francis Xavier 132,  
 " George 127, 138, 204,  
 " Ignatius 132,  
 " Jerome 91, 138,  
 " Katherine of Sienna 158,  
 " Magdalen 250, 253, 254,  
 " Martin 140, 154,  
 " Mitouche or Nitouche 140, 154,  
 Saintroilles, Jean Poton 11, 13, 30, 108, 110,  
 Saint Remy See Remy.  
 " Roch 140, 154,  
 Sabatier, Abbe Anthony 174, 187.  
 Sacregorgon 178, 179, 201, 203,  
 Sannazarus, James 248, 258,  
 Sarasin 210,  
 Saten 140 to 142, 154, 159, 203,  
 Sauvini XXVII  
 Savoy, Francis, Eugene Prince of 71, 90,  
 Saxe, Count de 133.  
 Scipio, L. H. Count du Roure, Marquis  
 of Grisac III  
 Scipio, Surnamed Africanus 142, 156.  
 Scotland See Margaret  
 Scott, Walter XXVIII  
 Scotus, John Duns, surnamed D<sup>r</sup>  
 Subtilis 26,  
 Secundus, Joannes XXIV  
 Segrais 19,  
 Shakespeare 262.  
 Sicily, Queen of 68,  
 " See Margaret  
 Spain See Ferdinand, Alderanus.  
 Solon 142, 156  
 Shrewsbury. Earl of See Talbot



Sorbonne, Robert de 26.  
Sorel, or Soreau, Agnes, 2 to 10, 22 to  
24, 56, 81 to 86, 162, 165 to 172, 182,  
205, 214, 219, 264 to 267, 270 to 281  
Stanislaus, King of Poland 71, 90.  
Stellotius, Prosper 133.  
Suffolk, Earl of 30.  
Sweden, See Charles  
Swift, Dean XXIV 20.

Talbot, John, Earl of Shrewsbury, 12, 30,  
57, 72, 90, 107, 109, 110, 215  
Talmond See Trimouille  
Thouars " "  
Titus, Antoninus, Surnamed Pius, 142, 155,  
Tournhem, Normand 64,  
Trajan 142, 155,  
Trimouille, Le, Viscount of Thouars,  
Prince de Talmund, 11, 13, 32, 108,  
110, 182, 192, 196, 214, 217 to 219,  
223, 224, 227 to 230, 234, 236, 242,  
253, 254,  
Turenne, Hy de la Tour d'Auvergne, Viscount  
de, 72, 89.  
Turpin, Archbp, 18, 233.  
Tyrconnel 72,  
Tellier, Le 75, 95,  
Tritemus or Trithemius or Tristam, Abbe'  
213, 216, 233, 253, 261.

Urban II Pope. 100,  
Ursus, Jean Juvenal des, 283.

Valerius, Bishop of Hippo 259.  
Valois. See Charles, Philip  
Vespasianus, Titus 142, 155.  
Vexin, Count of 69.  
Vignolles, Stephen de, See La Hire  
Villars, Louis Hector, Marshal 71, 89, 90, 132.  
Villequier See Antoinette  
Vendôme, Count de 68.  
Voltaire VII to XII, XX to XXXIII. XL I.  
XLV. 18, 35, 63, 90, 92, 100, 135,  
138, 154, 184 to 187.

Warwick, Earl of 30  
Wellesley, Marquis of 285.  
Winchester Bhp of 103.  
Wolf, Duke of Gascony 18.

Ypres, Bishop of See Jansenius.

Name Index to "The Maid  
of Orleans or La Pucelle of  
Voltaire, Translated by W. H.  
Ireland, 1822.

Volume II.

- d'Albret, Jeanne, Queen of Navarre 73.  
d'Alençon, Duke of 212. 213. 273.  
Alexander VI. Pope (Roderic Borgia) 60. 72.  
" , Son of Hy. IV of France 75.  
d'Amboise, Bossi, 261.  
d'Amerval, Nicholas, Lord of Liancourt 74.  
Amiclou, Sister 4.  
d'Andilli, Arnaud 97.  
Anne de Pisseleu, Duchess of Estampes 60.  
69.  
d'Arc, (or Du Lis) Peter, brother of La Pucelle  
XXXIX, XLVI, LIV.  
d'Arc, (or Du Lis) John, brother of La Pucelle  
XXXIX, XLII, XLIII, LIV.  
d'Argens, Marquis XXI.  
L'Argentier, Jacques, XL1.  
Ariosto, Ludovico, XXVI, XXVII, 104.  
Arlotte, 100.  
Armorsès, Dame Jehanne des, name of  
the pseudo. La Pucelle XLII, XLIV,  
XLV, LI, LIII, LIV, LVI.  
" , See Hermorsès.  
Arundel, Christopher, 128. 129.  
Astezon 275.  
d'Aubigni 114.  
Audou, Dame 247. 263.  
Austria, Margaret of 278.  
Avanches, Bishop of, See Huet-Cenol.  
Ayoze See Henry

Bolzoe 97.  
 Barclay 4  
 Bard 4  
 Baron 247, 263.  
 Baudricourt, Roger or Rob<sup>t</sup>, Lord de 276.277.  
 Bavaria, Duke of 21. See Isabella.  
 Beaufort, Duchess of, See Gabriel  
 Beaumelle, Lo. V, 174, 186, 278, 278.  
 Besupere, Dr. 276.  
 Beauvais, Bishop of, See Cauchon  
 Bedford, Duke of (Regent) 105, 106, 108  
 127, 218, 246.  
 Bel, Philip le 68.  
 Bellay, Cardinal ~~XXX~~.  
 Bellier, Guillaume XLII,  
 Bellini, Gentile, artist, 199.208,  
 " , Giscopo, 208.  
 Bennet XII, Pope 164,  
 Bergame, Phillipe de, 212,  
 Bernard, Abbot of Saint 21, 120, 136, 221,  
 233.  
 Berri, Jean, Duc de 235,  
 Besogne, Sister 4  
 Bino 69.  
 Blois, De, m. to Prince de Conti 76,  
 Bochart ~~XXVIII~~  
 Boileau 275,  
 Borssy, Lord de LII,  
 Bonifoux, Confessor, ~~XXXII~~, 31, 51, 52, 58,  
 82, 105, 144, 147, 149, 152, 153, 164,  
 165, 217, 251, 252,  
 Bonneau ~~XXXII~~, 33 to 40, 53, 54, 66,  
 81, 105, 120, 132, 133, 147, 149 to  
 153, 164, 168, 177, 179, 217,  
 Bonnemaison 163.



Vol 2

Borgia, See Alexander.  
 " , Caesar 72.  
 Bossuet XXVII,  
 Boucherot, Chancellor 158,  
 Boulay, Lord Aubert XXXIX,  
 Bourbon, Anthony of. See Navarre  
 " , Dukes of 116.  
 Boyardo, Maltheu Maria, Count of  
 Scordiano XXVI  
 Brantome historian 273.  
 Brune, Renaud XLII,  
 Bullen, John 71.  
 Burgundy, Dukes of 115, 181, 188, 267,  
 269.  
 Buriden 41,  
 Butler, Samuel 21, 24, 41,

Cæsar, Duke de Vendome 75.  
 Cailleux, De 210,  
 Calixtus III Pope L. 72.  
 Colmet, Father XXXVI, XLVII,  
 Cony, Lady de 274.  
 Corminetto 199,  
 Castile, Alfonso, King of 68,  
 Catherine, dau. of Chas. VII 139, 181,  
 " , de Medicis 272,  
 Cauchon, Pierre, Bishop of Beauvais, IX,  
X, XII,  
 Cenat, Robt, Bhp of Avranches 115,  
 Cephas 125, 139.  
 Chandos, John 8, 29, 33, 43, 53, 55, 56,  
 58, 63, 64, 67, 81, 93, 98, 99,  
 102, 194, 195, 206, 225,  
 Charles II of England 139.

Charles II of France 60.

" , VI " " ~~XV~~, ~~XLVIII~~, 181, 188, 271,

" VII " " XL, XLII to XLV, ~~XLVIII~~,  
LI, to LV, 8, 11, 16, 20, 30,

to 39, 44, 50 to 58, 80 to 82, 92, 103,

to 106, 110, 111, 115, 125, 127, 131 to 133,

139, 147 to 151, 154, 163, 164, 167,

169 to 177, 180, 181, 188, 192, 202, 203

210, 212, 213, 217, 218, 252 to 259,

267, 269, 270, 274, 276.

Charles IX of France 60, 71, 73, 272 to 274,

" V Emperor of Germany & King of Spain  
65, 69, 70, 73.

" VI Emperor 43.

Chataigneraye 68,

Chaumier, Abraham 172, 184.

" , Giles 184,

Chaussard historian various

Chilperic, King 136.

Claude, (pseudo of La Pucelle) ~~XXXIX~~,

Clement V, Pope 164

" VII " ~~XXX~~

" James 71,

Clodion, King of France 111, 116.

Clovis 115, 187, 210,

Colin 2

Colonne, Laurentius Onuphres de,  
Griceni, 75.

" , Charles 75,

Constance, Bishop of ~~X~~.

Conti, Prince de 76, See Blois

Cogue, Marie a la (Marie Guyert) 143, 159,

Coste, Abbé le, 186.

Cotin 161

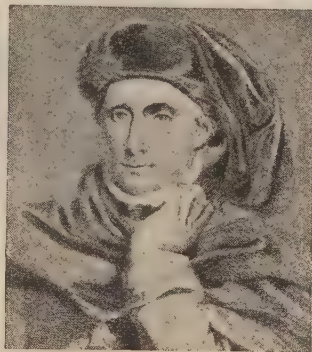
Cutendre 26, 28, 29, 35, 40, 49, 82, 93, 103,

Conculix = Hermaphrodite

Vol 2

Dagobert 210.  
 Daphne dau. of Regent d'Orleans 77.  
 Dartigny historian various  
 Decartes, René See René  
 Deserres historian various  
 Desmarets 188.  
 Despreaux 158 to 160.  
 Dex, Geoffrey XL.  
 Diana of Poitiers, Duchess Valentinois  
 70, 71.

Dolois, Louis Guion, Lord of La Noche 22,  
 Dorothy XIII, XXXI, 49, 51, 52, 58, 80,



97, 99, 145 to 152, 178,  
 203, 208,  
 58,  
 ee d'Arc. XLI.

ans, Count de and  
 He 49 to 58, 82, 87 to  
 105, 111, 131, 133, 147,  
 24, 155, 168, 169, 176, 177,  
 8, 227, 228, 243 to 245  
 259, 262, 271 to 279.

THE FRENCH KINGS CHARLES V. AND CHARLES VI.

The eldest son of King John, who died in captivity in England, Charles V. ascended the throne in 1364, and ruled so well that he became known as "The Wise." His son Charles VI., aged twelve, succeeded him in 1380.

d'Elboeuf, Duke of 75. See Henrietta  
 Elizabeth dau. of Hy II of France 71.  
 Estampes, Duchess of. See Anne  
 " Duke of 69.  
 d'Este, Cardinal 65.  
 d'Estrees See Gabriel  
 " Francis Hannibal 74.  
 Ethelbert, King 136.  
 Eugene, Prince XXIX



Charles V of France 60.

" VI " " XV, XLVIII, 181, 188, 271,

" VII " " XL, XLII to XLV, XLVIII,  
LI, to LV, 8, 11, 16, 20, 30,

to 39, 44, 50 to 58, 80 to 82, 92, 103,

to 106, 110, 111, 115, 125, 127, 131 to 133,

139, 147 to 151, 154, 163, 164, 167,

169 to 177, 180, 181, 188, 192, 202, 203

210, 212, 213, 217, 218, 252 to 259,

267, 269, 270, 274, 276.

Charles IX of France 60, 71, 73, 272 to 274,

" V Emperor and, took  
65, 69 Peter in the

" VI Emperor, renewed  
the Anglo-

Chataigneraye 1. But

Chaumier, Abraham considered

" Giles, especially for an

Chaussard lissatisfac-

Chilperic, King reign rule

Claude, (pseudo " The conditions also of

Clement V, Pope tigny were not yet carried

" VII " therefore, began afresh in

" James French invasion of Guienne.

Clodion, King of France 111, 116.

Clovis 115, 187, 210,

Colin 2

Colonne, Laurentius Onuphures de,  
Griceni, 75.

" Charles 75.

Constance, Bishop of X.

Conti, Prince de 76, See Blois

Cogue, Marie a la (Marie Guyert) 143, 159,

Coste, Abbe le, 186.

Cotin 161

Cutendre 26, 28, 29, 35, 40, 49, 82, 93, 103,

Conculix = Hermaphrodite

PHILIP VI. OF FRANCE AFTER HIS DEFEAT  
Philip VI. was resolved to expel the English from France after his  
overwhelming defeat from Edward III. at Crecy in 1346. He had  
very few of their small army, while the French loss has been

his kingdom to his grand-son, Charles V (1377-1399), 'who was  
old. Charles outlived his father and was succeeded by his  
son, Charles VI (1380-1422), who was only aged twelve (1380-1422).  
An inevitable struggle.



Vol 2

Dagobert 210.  
 Daphne dau. of Regent d'Orleans 77.  
 Dartigny historian various  
 Decartes, René See Peri  
 Deserres historian various  
 Desmarets 188.  
 Despreaux 158 to 160.  
 Dex, Geoffrey XL.  
 Diana of Poitiers, Duchess Valentinois  
     70, 71.  
 Dolois, Louis Guion, Lord of La Noche 22.  
 Dorothy XIII, XXXI, 49, 51, 52, 58, 80,  
     82 to 87, 92, 97, 99, 145 to 152, 178,  
     194 to 199, 203, 208.  
 Duconge 68.  
 Du Lis, or Dulys See d'Arc. XL.  
 Dudon XXVI.  
 Dunois, Jean d'Orleans, Count de and  
     of Longueville 49 to 58, 82, 87 to  
     92, 99, 100, 105, 111, 131, 133, 147,  
     150, 151, 154, 155, 168, 169, 176, 177,  
     213, 217, 218, 227, 228, 243 to 245  
     254, 257, 259, 262, 271 to 279.  
  
 d'Elboeuf, Duke of 75. See Henrietta  
 Elizabeth dau. of Hy II of France 71.  
 Estampes, Duchess of. See Anne  
     " , Duke of 69.  
 d'Este, Cardinal 65.  
 d'Estrees See Gabriel  
     " , Francis Hannibal 74.  
 Ethelbert, King 136.  
 Eugene, Prince XXIX

Fantin 173. 186.  
 Farnese, Alexander. See Paul  
 " , Peter Lewis, Duke of Parma  
 & Placentia 73.  
 Ferdinand, King of Spain 70.  
 Ferrara, Alfonso, Duke of 65.  
 Ferroniere, La Belle 69.  
 Fontaine, John de la XXXI, 97.  
 Fouquet XXXI  
 Francis 1<sup>st</sup> 59. 69. to 73. 275.  
 Freron 171 to 176. 179, 183, 185, 186  
 188  
 " , John Blaise Catherine 184.  
 " , Martin 184.  
 Fresnoy See Lenglet  
  
 Gabriel, Archangel 14. 15,  
 " d'Estrees, Duchess of Beaufort.  
 60. 74. 75.  
 Galilio 21.  
 Gallifet, Father 160.  
 Gamot 207.  
 Gauchot 172. 186.  
 Giac 274  
 Girard, Bernard de See Haillan.  
 Godwin, Wm. 188.  
 Grammont de XXXVI  
 Grasset VI  
 Gregory, Georg Florence, of Tours  
 120. 136.  
 " , Ist. Pope 136.  
 Grishnurdon, Rock, 42. 103. 216.  
 Grizel, Abbe 174. 186.  
 Groignart, Sir Nicholas XXXIX  
 Guise, Duke of & Louis 72. 74. 273.

Guyert See Coque  
 Guyon, Abbé 172, 184.  
 Germany See Charles.

Haillon, Bernard de Girard, Sieur du 276-277.  
 Haller, Albert VI  
 Harrington, Sir John 65.  
 Henault, President ~~XXXVI~~.  
 Henrietta, Duchess of d'Elboeuf 75.  
 " , Princess of England ~~XXXI~~  
 " Marie, Queen of England 75.  
 Henry II of France 60, 68, 70, 71.  
 " III " " Duke of Anjou 72, 74, 276.  
 " IV " " 60, 73, 74, 273.  
 " V " " 139.  
 " V of England 181.  
 " VI " "  
 " VIII " " 70, 73.  
 Hermaphrodite 142, 152, 153, 165, 168, 217, 252.  
 Hermoises, Sir Robert de, Lord of Trichemont.  
 XL, XLI,  
 Hire, La, Stephen de Vignolles, 108, 115, 129 & 131.  
 Holcroft 188.  
 Hoole 65.  
 Hordal 212.  
 Houdart, La Motte 119, 135.  
 Huet, Peter Daniel, Bhp. of Avranches ~~XXVIII~~  
 Humbertina 21.

Innocent VIII, Pope 72.  
 Ireland Wm. Hy. 98, 207.  
 Isabella of Bavaria, mother of Chas VII. 181

Jarnae 68,  
John 22<sup>nd</sup> Pope 164,  
Julius II " 72.

Lahke, Pere LII,  
Laboureur Historien 235  
Languet 159,  
Larchet 219, 232,  
Lenglet, Nicholas de Fresnoy, historian ~~XI~~  
~~XII~~ ~~XXIX~~.

Leo X, Pope (John de Medicis) 60, 72, 73.

Leverdy Historian various

Lidncourt, Lord of, See d'Amerval.

Léssieux, Bishop of X.

Longueville See Dunoirs

Lorraine, Cardinal of 74.

" " Henry of 74.

Louis, the Fat 68

" IX of France 73.

" XI " " 43, 72,

" XII " " 275.

" XIV " " 61, 75, 77, 101, 139, 158,  
270, 275.

" XV 139.

Lourdis, Father 57, 67, 249 to 254, 259, 278,

Louvet, President & wife 107, 110, 228, 252,  
254 to 259, 274.

Lowe, Sir Nicholas ~~XXXIX~~.

Lucrecia 72,

Luther, Martin 73

Luxembourg, Marshal de 114,

" " Madame de XL.



- Mahomet II, Emperor 208.  
 Main, Duke of 76.  
 Mainard 97.  
 Maintenon, Madame de 76. 186. 270.  
 Mamburn XXVIII.  
 Mancini, Maria 75.  
 Marchousne or Morchousne, Gilles XLIII,  
 XLV, LIII,  
 Marcoulz, Sire Philepin XXXIX  
 Marets, Jean des, de Saint Solin 143, 158,  
 Marot 160,  
 Martinguerre 128,  
 Maubert V, 278,  
 Maupertius XXI  
 Maximilian of Germany 70.  
 Mazarine, Cardinal 61. 158. 252,  
 Medici, Lorenzo de. XXIII, XXIV,  
 " , John de, See Leo.  
 " , See Catherine de  
 Menestrier, Father 116.  
 Mezerdy Historian various  
 Milton, John 16.  
 Moine, Peter le 143, 159.  
 Monstrelet Historian various  
 Monroe XXXI, 29, 34 to 38, 42, 44,  
 45, 50. 52. 168, 253, 267.  
 Montespen, Marchioness de 61. 76.  
 Montgomery, Gabriel Count of 71.  
 Montfaucon 210,  
 Moreri 212,  
 Morgen, Lady 262,  
  
 Napoleon Buonaparte 163, 237. 262,  
 Navarre, Anthony of Bourbon, King of 73,  
 " , See d'Albret

Newton, Sir Isaac 9.21.  
Ney, Marshal 207.  
Nicholas IV. Pope 164,  
Noche, Lord of See Dolois  
Nodzer Ch. 210.  
Normandy, Robert 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of 100,

Oliver XXVI.  
Orange, Prince of 21.  
" " of Wm. 1<sup>st</sup> 43,  
d'Orleans, Charles Duc, XLVI, 181, 276,  
" , Philip Duc. (Regent) 61, 75.  
101,  
" " Louis Duc 274,  
" ; Valentine of Milan, Duchess 274,  
" , See Daphne, Drenois

Palluche, de XL1, XLIII.  
Parma, Duke of, See Farnese.  
Parson 4.  
Pasquier historian various  
Paul III, Pope 60, 73.  
Pennington, General 98,  
Pharamond, King of France 116, 187.  
Philip 1<sup>st</sup> of France 68,  
" V of Spain 99, 70,  
Pisseleu, Anne de See Anne.  
Pius V Pope. 272, 273.  
Placentia, Duke of See Farnese  
Platoff, Hetman 207.  
Poitiers, Drans of, See Drans  
" , Fortunatus, Bhp of 120, 135;  
Pope, The, See Clement, Calixtus, Alexander,  
Leo, Paul, Innocent, Julius, Gregory,  
Nicholas, John, Bennet and Pius.

fol 2

Presle, Raoul de, 115,  
Prussia, King of XXI, 163, 262,  
Pulci, Luigi or Lewis XXIII, XXVI

Rabelais, Francis IX, XXX, 69,  
Ravillae 74.

Reni or René Descartes 9. 21,  
of, See Ursinus-Turpin  
3. 17, 19. 24,

XXXVI,

England 275.

" 183

inial, 158

e de 158.

it de, 109. 129 to 131,

XXVI

Apuleius XXI.

istorian 276

XXVI.

210,

th de, 128 to 130,

XXIII

188.



PHILIP V., FIRST BOURBON KING OF SPAIN  
He was the second son of the Dauphin Louis, and in 1700, when Duke of Anjou, was bequeathed the crown of Spain by Charles II. But it was not till 1713 that, by the Peace of Utrecht, he was left in possession of the throne, after a long struggle with the Archduke Charles.

'73, 185,

de la XXXI

Saint Bathilda 210,

" Bennet 210,

" Denis, 4 to 16, 22, 39, 46, 48,  
49, 54, 57, 58, 63, 64, 80, 102,  
111, 115, 118, 120, 121, 124 to 127, 218,  
221, 224, 228, 233, 236, 239, 244,  
245, 249, 252, 254, 255, 259, 271.

" , Augustine 120 to 126.



Newton, Sir Isaac 9.21.  
 Ney, Marshal 207.  
 Nicholas IV. Pope 164.  
 Noche, Lord of See Dolois  
 Nodzer Ch. 210.  
 Normandy, Robert 1<sup>st</sup> Duke of 100,

Oliver XXVI, of Orange on October  
 Orange, Prince of the electoral prince  
 " " of W the Catholic Nether-  
 d'Orleans, Charles D the colonies; the  
 " Philip I. ples and Sicily; the  
 101, peror (Charles), the  
 " Louis II. of Spain signed  
 " Volent the electoral prince  
 " See D and waited the course  
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 Louis XIV. on the  
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 for Belgium. Thus  
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Palluche, de X  
 Parma, Duke of, See  
 Person 4.  
 Pasquier histori.  
 Paul III, Pope 60.  
 Pennington, General  
 Pharamond, King of F  
 Philip 1<sup>st</sup> of France  
 " II of Spain  
 Pisseleu, Anne de  
 Pius V Pope. 272.273.  
 Placentia, Duke of See Farnese  
 Platoff, Hetman 207.  
 Poitiers, Drans of, See Drans  
 " Fortunatus, Bhop of 120.135:  
 Pope, The, See Clement, Colixtus, Alexander,  
 Leo, Paul, Innocent, Julius, Gregory.  
 Nichols, John, Bennet and Pius.

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 peace party in his  
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**The Dying  
 Hapsburg  
 at Madrid**



862

Presle, Raoul de, 115.  
Prussia, King of XXI, 163, 262,  
Pulci, Luigi or Lewis XXIII, XXVI

Rabelais, Francis IX, XXX, 69.  
Ravillae 74.  
Reni or René Descartes 9.21.  
Rheims, Archbp. of, See Ursinus-Turpin  
Ribondi, Sister, 3.17, 19.24,  
Ricey de XXXVI.  
Richard II of England 275.  
" I " " 183  
Richelieu, Cardinal, 158  
" Duke de 158.  
Richemont, Count de, 109.129 to 131,  
Rinaldo XXVI  
Risorius, Don Apuleius XXI.  
Ristor de 101.  
Robertson. historian 276  
Roland XXVI.  
Ronsard 210.  
Rosamore, Judith de, 128 to 130,  
Roscoe XXIII  
Rosseau, J. J. 188.

Sabitier 173, 185.  
Sablère, Nisidome de la XXXI  
Saint Bathilda 210,  
" Bennet 210,  
" Denis, 4 to 16, 22, 39, 46, 48,  
49, 54, 57, 58, 63, 64, 80, 102,  
111, 115, 118, 120, 121, 124 to 127, 218,  
221, 224, 228, 233, 236, 239, 244,  
245, 249, 252, 254, 255, 259, 271.  
" Augustine 120 to 126.

Scandriano See Boyardo  
 Saint Dominic 22.23.  
 " , George 4, 9 to 16, 21, 22, 64, 118,  
 120, 127, 224, 259.  
 " , Gerard, Abbot, 46.  
 " , Peter (Barjone) 118, 119, 121, 124,  
 127, 135.  
 " , Prosper 120, 136.  
 " , Sorlin See Marvels.  
 " , Thiebaut, Curate of XXXVI, XLIV,  
 Saintelrailles, Jean Poton de, 108, 115,  
 129, 130.  
 Satan, 23, 217, 221, 227, 228.  
 Scipio 68.  
 Scuderi, Magdalen de, 143, 158.  
 Sforce, Bosio 73.  
 Sheriden, R. B. 113.  
 Shipunk 41.  
 Sirmond, Folker 67.  
 Spain 71. See Ferdinand, Charles, Philip,  
 King of,  
 Spair, Don Juan of. 278.  
 Socinus, Selius XXVIII  
 Sorel, Agnes. XIII, XXXI, 2, 4, 8, 16, 19,  
 27 to 38, 40, 45, 50 to 52, 58, 62,  
 80, 82, 86, 92, 105, 113, 126, 132,  
 142 to 154, 163, 168, 169, 175 to 179,  
 202, 203, 210 to 212, 217, 252, 253,  
 259, 266, 267.  
 Ströda 43.  
 Sweden, Christina, Queen of XXVIII 21, 158,  
 Talbot, John, Earl of Shrewsbury 107, 110,  
 114, 229, 245 to 249, 252 to 254, 257 to  
 259.

- Taliaacotius, Gaspar 24,  
 Tasso 69,  
 Taylor 210,  
 Tell, William 163,  
 Tessé, Marechal de, 273,  
 Thirrot IV  
 Tottemae, Captain 98,  
 Tornabuoni, Signoria Lucrezia XXIV  
 Tournon, Cardinal, XXX.  
 Transtamare, King Henri de, 99.  
 Trichiemont See Hermorses  
 Trimouille, George de la, LIV, 49, 51, 52,  
 54, 58, 66, 80, 83 to 87, 92, 145,  
 to 147, 150, 151, 154, 168, 192, to  
 203.  
 Trepaut historian various  
 Tritemus. Abbe' 104, 113, 117, 135, 186, 216,  
 219, 220,  
 Troyes, Bailly de XLII,  
 Tyrconnel, Paul 145, 194 to 201, 206, 209,  
 Turpin, Archbp. of Rheims 104, 113.  
 " , Monk 113,  
 Tours See Gregory

Ursus, Juvenal des, Archbp. of Rheims  
 271, 272

Valentinois, Duchess of See Drina,  
 Valliere, Louisa Frances de la Baume  
 le Blanc, Duchess de la 61, 75,  
 Valois, Marguerite de 73, 74,  
 Vanoza 72,  
 Vendome de, See Caesar.



Vermandois, Duke de 76.  
Vexin, Count of 68.  
Vignier, Pere XXXVI, XLI, XLVI, L,  
Vignolles See La Hire,  
Villaret, Historian various  
Vinci, Leonardo de 69.  
Voltaire IV to XVIII, XXI, 45. 69.

Warnenbourg, Count de XL, LV,  
Wharton, Sir Isaac 4. 7. 8. 16. 17.  
William The Conqueror 99. 100.



